VOL. I.—No. 3. MANCHESTER, Saturday, August 8, 1868. Price One Penny.

"So, so;—well done! well done!"
CYMBELINE.

When feeling neither hot nor cold,
When reigns the frost or rules the sun,
We proudly Gee's rare hat behold,
And often cry "well done, well done!"
How soft it feels! how well it fits!
We joy that art so much has won,
And as upon the head it sits,
Gaily we cry "well done, well done!"

JAMES GEE, FASHIONABLE HATTER,
13, MARKET STREET.
The Largest Establishment in Manchester.
Sole Agent for Woodrow's Patent Prize Medal Hats, Ladies' Riding, Gentlemen's Hunting and Fishing Hats, Deerstalkers, &c.; Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valise, Racecourse Bags, &c Macintoshes, Umbrellas, &c. The Stethoscope Holder for the Hat. Le Conformateur used at this establishment.

ESTABLISHED 70 YEARS.

RICHARDSON, ROEBUCK, & Co.,
(Purveyors to Her Majesty, by appointment, dated March 15th, 1842,)
OFFER THE FINEST BLACK TEA AT
3/6 per lb.
GOOD USEFUL TEA AT
2/6 and 3/- per lb.
21, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.

REVISED LIST OF PRICES ON APPLICATION.
JOHN BLAKELEY, PROPRIETOR.

ALBERT
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
(Established 1838.)

Annual Income	near £350,000.
Capital	£500,000.
Claims and Bonuses Paid	£5,000,000.
Income from New Business obtained in the past Six Years	£200,000.

ASSURANCES PAYABLE DURING LIFE.
Invalid Lives Assured at Equitable Rates.
AGENTS WANTED where not Represented.
NORTHERN BRANCH—
S. P. BIDDER, Manager, 131, Market-st., Manchester.

And if he stand on hostage for "this safety," let him demand what pledge will please him best.—*Shakespere.*

BELLHOUSE'S PATENT SAFETY APPARATUS for Hoists and Colliery Cages. Price £10. One month's Trial.
SOLE AGENT—
JOHN WHITFIELD HARLAND, 9, CHAPEL WALKS, Manchester.

PIANO-FORTES
BY ALL THE LEADING MAKERS,
FOR
SALE, HIRE, EXCHANGE,
LET ON THE TWO YEARS SYSTEM.
LOCKE, Manufacturer,
36, Great Ducie Street, Strangeways.

"WHEN SEEN MAKE A NOTE OF."

HEWITT'S
Black Satara Suits, 3 guineas.

HEWITT'S
Super Black Suits, 3½ guineas.
The above are very exceptional, and unparalleled in the history of Tailoring.

HEWITT'S
Super Black Suits, 4 guineas.
Excellent value.

HEWITT'S
Business Suits, 3 guineas, and 3½ guineas.

HEWITT'S
15/-, 17/-, 19/-, and 21/-
Trousers.

HEWITT'S
21/-, 25/-, 27/6, 30/-, & 31/6
Aquascutum or Waterproof Overcoat, in Tweed or Melton Cloth, ready for immediate wear.

TERMS—
Manchester Parcels, Cash on Delivery.
Pre-payment required when Goods are sent out of Manchester.

J. M. HEWITT,
TAILOR,
72, MARKET STREET,
MANCHESTER.

J. MC. DONOUGH'S
HAIRSEATING, HORSE HAIR & FEATHER MANUFACTORY,
HANOVER WORKS, RIGA STREET, SHUDEHILL, MANCHESTER.

CURLED HAIR, HAIRSEATING, UPHOLSTERERS' TRIMMINGS, MOROCCO & ROAN SKINS, &c., &c.
NEW FEATHERS FOR BEDS.

OLD FEATHERS DRESSED AND PURIFIED.

THE
"VOWEL" WASHING MACHINE.
The attention of the public is particularly directed to the above Celebrated
WASHING, WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINE.
The thorough practical usefulness of which is now universally acknowledged and appreciated. The Vowel Washing Machine received last year (1867), in addition to 80 Silver Medals and First Prizes previously awarded, the only PRIZE MEDAL AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION; also the Silver Medals of the Imperial Society of France, the Royal North Lancashire, Staffordshire, Manchester, and Liverpool Societies; also the Silver Medal of the South Australian Agricultural Society, presented by H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh.—See Catalogues, free by post, on application to BRADFORD & CO., Cathedral Steps, Manchester; 63, Fleet Street, London; Dublin and Paris.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. Established upwards of a quarter of a century.
GAS CHANDELIERS, from 11s. 9d.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. TEA URNS & WATER FILTERS.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. LUSTRES & BOHEMIAN GLASS.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON, FURNISH and FIT UP the Cot, the Mansion, Church, and Chapel, with neatness and cheapness.

15, Piccadilly. RIGBY & SON. Estimates free. Experienced workmen sent to all parts of town and country.
N.B.—A visit to the Showrooms is respectfully solicited.

TAKE A CARD. ROYSE'S PATENT VENTILATING, EASY FITTING, HATS. HALF WAY UP OLDHAM STREET.

TABB & Co., General Drapers, are now offering all Summer Goods at Half-price! 28, Oldham Street, Manchester.

WM. H. BROWNSON & COMPANY, Shawl and Mantlemen, Oldham Street, Manchester.

BOOKS, &c.

Every Saturday, Price One Penny.

THE SPHINX; a Journal of Criticism and Humour, by the late Editor and Contributors of the *Free Lance*, all of whom are engaged on the New Paper. The writers will comprise the Authors of—

Reminiscences of Carlyle.
The Manchester Maiden.
Our Rhyming Chronicler.
Darwen and its Exhibition.
Too Much of a Mayor.
Manchester Artists in London.
Clerical Recreations.
Beak Trafford and the Welshers.
Our Hooker-in.
Manchester Grammar School Sketches.
Our 'Bus Guard.
Sketches of Manchester Banks.
The Boot in Manchester.
Concerning Duns.
The Election Stakes.
The Ballad of D 63.
Alderman Mackie on Sawbath Drinking.
To and fro on the Bowdon Line.
What Deaf and Dumb Folk can do.
The Exchange Campaign.
Manchester Athletes and their Clubs.
Owen's College: its Principal and Professors.
A Mahx Parson.
A Muff on Manchester Men.
Reappearance of the Reverend Mursell.
Boating on the Irwell.
Dr. M'Kerrow and Presbyterianism in Manchester.
At the All-England Cricket Match (Broughton).
Sale and Brooklands.
My first Flirtation.
Lines written on a Paper Collar.
Welcome Prince Charlie.
The Way to Withington.
Church Meeting in Manchester.
Our 'Bus Horse.
Country Manufacturers' Strike.

And other well-known articles.

The *Sphinx* will be well and clearly printed in new type. Circulating among all classes, and especially in cultivated and influential circles, it will be a publication of great value to Advertisers.

JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate, Manchester.

BUSINESS MANAGER: MR. JOSEPH JOHNSON, 37, Corporation Street, to whom all advertisements and business communications should be addressed.

WORKS BY JOSEPH JOHNSON, MANCHESTER.

Price 3s. 6d.

LIVING TO PURPOSE; OR MAKING THE BEST OF LIFE.
NELSON & SON, London & Edinburgh.

Price 3s. 6d.

LIVING IN EARNEST. Companion Volume. NELSON & SON, London & Edinburgh.

Price 5s.

INTERVIEWS OF GREAT MEN.
VIRTUE & Co., London.

Price 6s.

POPULAR PREACHERS OF OUR TIME. CASSEL, PETTER & GALPIN, London.

Price 2s. 6d.

TESTIMONY OF SCEPTICS TO THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.
DARTON & Co., London.

Price 3s. 6d.

FAMOUS BOYS.
DARTON & Co. London.

Price 3s. 6d.

CLEVER BOYS
DARTON & Co., London.

Price 3s. 6d.

HEROINES OF OUR TIME.
DARTON & Co., London.

In the Press.

WILLING HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

WHAT IS A SPIRITUAL MAN?
An Appeal to Reason. By the Author of "Written in the Earth."

WRITTEN IN THE EARTH! By the Author of "What is a Spiritual Man." One Penny each.

Publisher: JOHN FERGUSON, Bookseller, 8, Market Place, Manchester.

"Two tracts remarkable for force and truth—full of burning words. The Author has furnished an admirable answer to the question—"What is a Spiritual Man," which all men would really be the better for reading. If any one wants to spend a shilling usefully, let him buy twelve of these tracts, and distribute them."—*The Author of Living to Purpose.*

BOOKS, &c.

ON THE RIALTO.
The second of this series of
SKETCHES ON 'CHANGE,
Which was announced to appear to-day, is unavoidably postponed, but will appear in the *Sphinx* of Saturday next.

THE CHANDOS CLASSICS—No. 1.
In large crown 8vo, cut edges, 768 pp; postage 4d.

WARNE'S SHILLING SHAKSPEARE.

N.B. The "Chandos Classics" Edition of Shakspeare contains the Works, Life, Will, Poems, Glossary, &c. "It is admirably got up and beautifully printed."—*Daily News*

FREDERICK WARNE & Co., Bedford-street, Covent Garden.

THE CHANDOS CLASSICS—No. 2.
In crown 8vo, cut edges, 640 pp; postage 4d.

WARNE'S SHILLING LONGFELLOW.

Large type edition, containing all the recent poems, including "Flower de Luce," "Cantos from Dante," &c. "No greater compliment has been rendered to Mr. Longfellow than this issue of his complete poems for One Shilling."—*Builder.*

FREDERICK WARNE & Co., Bedford-street, Covent Garden.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, COINS, &c.
Now ready. One penny, by post, twopence. Copper Coinage of Great Britain and Colonies, with Illustrations. No. 1, vol. 1, price 2s. by post 2s., 1d. D. B. T Batty, 9, Fennel Street, Manchester.

Now ready, in 1 vol., price 10s. 6d.

ON THE SPORTS AND PURSUITS OF THE ENGLISH AS BEARING UPON THEIR NATIONAL CHARACTER. By the Right Hon. the Earl of WALTON.

HARRISON, 59, Pall Mall, London, Booksellers to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

In 6 Vols., fcap. 8vo, 5s. each. New and Uniform Edition of

THE POETICAL WORKS OF MR. ROBERT BROWNING.

Now ready.

Vol. 1.—Pauline—Paracelsus—Strafford.
Vol. 2.—Sordello—Pippa Passes.
Vol. 3.—King Victor and King Charles—Dramatic Lyrics—The Return of the Druses.
Vol. 4.—A Blot in the 'Scutcheon—Colombe's Birthday—Dramatic Romances.
Vol. 5.—A Soul's Tragedy—Luria—Christmas Eve and Easter Day—Men and Women.

On August 1st,

Vol. 6.—In a Balcony—Dramatis Personæ.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65, Cornhill, London.

MR. BEN. BRIERLEY IN THE *CITY NEWS.*

THIS day, and every Saturday until completed,

AB-O-TH-YATE IN LONDON;

OR,

SOUTHERN LIFE FROM A NORTHERN POINT OF VIEW.

DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM AB TO HIS WIFE.

BY BENJAMIN BRIERLEY,

Author of "Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life."

The *City News* is published every Saturday Morning, price One Penny.

FINE ARTS, &c.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.
Bourne and Shepherd's Photographs of India. Bedford's Photographs of the East. Soulier's Photographs of Switzerland, Paris, and Rome. England's Photographs of Switzerland and the Rhyne. Photographs of Naples, Pompeii, Florence, and other places. Five hundred Photographs taken direct from the pictures in the Royal Museum at Madrid, and many others now on view at MARION & Co., Soho Square, London. Admission and Catalogue free. 250,000 Carte Portraits always in stock.

BOOKS, &c.

DAVENPORTS GUIDES.
32 pages, illustrated. Price Twopence.

HOLLINGWORTH LAKE GUIDE.

16 pages. Price One Penny.

VISITORS' HANDBOOK TO HOLLINGWORTH LAKE AND BLACKSTONE EDGE.
Three Steel Engravings, 32 pages. Price Threepence.

GUIDE TO CLEETHORPES & Visitors' Hand-book to GREAT GRIMSBY, with a description of THORNTON ABBEY and BARTON-UPON-HUMBER.
Price One Penny.

GUIDE TO CLEETHORPES & Visitors' Hand-book to GREAT GRIMSBY, with a description of the CELEBRATED DOCKS.
JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate, Manchester.

MUSIC.

Price 2d. each.

CHANT CARDS, for Choir and Congregation. London: NOVELLO. Preston: CLARKE.

Price, folio score, 1s.; separate parts, 6d.
New Madrigalian Part-Song, for S. A. T. B.

"IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS."
By SAMUEL REAY.
London: NOVELLO, EWER, & Co., 1, Berners Street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IRWELL DINING HALL,
33 AND 35, LONDON ROAD.

Dining off the Joint, Pudding and Vegetables included, for 6d. each—Try it.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE GREAT CLEARANCE SALE,
BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,
AT BEECH'S GLASS AND CHINA WAREHOUSE,
63A STRETFORD ROAD,
CONSISTING OF
CHINA, TEA, AND BREAKFAST SERVICES,
DINNER SERVICES,
TOILET SERVICES;
FRENCH BRONZES, AND MARBLE TIMEPIECES,
IN SUITS FOR DINING ROOMS;
GILT TIMEPIECES, LUSTRES;
FRENCH AND ENGLISH STATUARY
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Immense Stock of Fine Cut Table Glass, and all kinds of Kitchen Ware.

Everything Reduced on account of the depression in trade.

GEORGE BEECH, PROPRIETOR,
63A STRETFORD ROAD.

VISITORS TO THE ISLE-OF-MAN
ARE REMINDED THAT
MR. THOMAS COUPE'S
GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT
IS IN
STRAND STREET, DOUGLAS,
WHERE MAY BE HAD THE
GENUINE "MONA BOUQUET,"
A neat, fragrant, and in all respects suitable article for Presentation.

G. NESBITT & Co.,
ACCOUNTANTS,
56, FOUNTAIN STREET, MANCHESTER.

Mr. Nesbitt, formerly of Manchester, and late of Messrs. Miller & Nesbitt, Accountants, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS UNDERTAKEN:

The Liquidation of Insolvent Estates.
Bankruptcy Accounts, statutory and special.
Accounts for the Courts of Probate and Chancery.
Opening, Making-up, and Balancing Books for private firms and public companies.
Devising superior methods of Bookkeeping for any business.
The improvement of bad or defective modes of keeping accounts.
Auditing Books and Accounts, monthly, quarterly, or yearly.
The Preparation of Balance-sheets, Tabulated and Descriptive Reports, &c.
Arbitrations, Investigations, and Accountancy Business generally.

NEW STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT,

84, MARKET STREET,

(FIVE DOORS FROM SPRING GARDENS,)

MANCHESTER.

SAMUEL M. STRONG,

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER,

ENGRAVER, LITHOGRAPHER, LETTER-PRESS PRINTER,

AND COMMERCIAL STATIONER.

THE ABOVE ESTABLISHMENT HAS BEEN OPENED WITH A WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

ACCOUNT BOOKS,

OF THE CURRENT PATTERNS, IN VARIOUS QUALITIES, INCLUDING

GUARD BOOKS, DEPARTMENT BOOKS, WITH THICK AND THIN LEAVES FOR CARBONIC PAPERS;

Letter Copying Books, &c.;

INLAND AND FOREIGN WRITING PAPERS AND ENVELOPES;

WHITE, BUFF, LILAC, PINK, &c., BLOTTINGS;

COPYING MACHINES AND STANDS;

MORDAN'S PENCILS AND GOLD PENS;

INKS BY THE VARIOUS MAKERS, ARNOLD, STEPHENS, COCHRAN, LYONS, &c.;

Wood, Metal, Pewter, and Glass Inkstands;

STATIONERY CABINETS, INVOICE RACKS, LETTER SCALES,

STEEL AND QUILL PENS, POCKET BOOKS, METALLIC ORDER BOOKS,

TOGETHER WITH A LARGE SELECTION OF ARTICLES FOR COUNTING HOUSE AND OFFICE USE.

Especial attention will be given to the execution of all orders, so as best to ensure accuracy, despatch, excellence of material and workmanship, together with economy of price.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.—CONTRACTS MADE.

PRICES CURRENT, MARKET REPORTS, CLUB RULES, &c.

THE NEW DENTIFRICE.

SOUND AND WHITE TEETH.

HAMPSON'S FLUODENTINE

Or Liquid Dentifrice for thoroughly Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth.

This elegant preparation entirely supersedes the use of ordinary Tooth Powders and Pastes, the majority of which are crude, gritty, mineral compounds, containing ingredients which *whiten the teeth at the expense of the enamel, and are the cause instead of the preventives of decay.*

The FLUODENTINE *is pronounced the most perfect Dentifrice yet submitted to the public.* It keeps the Teeth *perfectly clean and white*, and being ALKALINE, neutralises acidity; it hardens and allays all irritation of the gums, corrects fœtid breath, and has a tendency to whiten Teeth already discoloured by decay. *In use it is exceedingly pleasant, and imparts a refreshing sense of coolness and cleanliness in the mouth peculiar to itself.*

Important Testimonial from Dr. Hassall, the noted authority on the Adulteration of Food, &c., &c.

The Analytical Sanitary Institution, 11, Charles street, Manchester square, London, October 1st, 1867.

Report upon Hampson's Fluodentine or Liquid Dentifrice.

"I have carefully tested the Preparation to which Mr. Hampson has given the name of '*Fluodentine or Liquid Dentifrice.*'

"I find that its cleansing properties are very considerable; that when employed according to the directions given, the ingredients of which it is composed are not injurious to the teeth, while its fluid form renders its use more convenient and agreeable than the majority of solid Dentifrices, the action of which in most cases is merely mechanical.

ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D., LONDON.

Manufactured Solely by R. HAMPSON, (late Pyne,) Pharmaceutical Chemist, 63, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

Sold in bottles at 1s. 6d. and 3s., or double size, 5s. each, by Chemists and Perfumers generally.

GOOD TOBACCO IS A REAL LUXURY.

LAMB'S New "NUT BROWN" at 3d. per ounce is good.

20, INDIA BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE "IMOGEN" CIGARS.—S. LAMB, 20, India Buildings, Cross street, has just paid duty on the last remaining case of this famous consignment. They have been three years in bond. Price 21s. per hundred. Sample dozen free by post for 39 stamps.

EXTENSIVE AND EXTRAORDINARY PURCHASE
OF ONE THOUSAND DOZEN OF

FRENCH AND ENGLISH KID GLOVES,

TO BE SHOWN TO-DAY AT

JAMES LOWE'S,

15, 17, 19, OLDHAM-STREET, NEAR PICCADILLY.

In consequence of a very slight defect in an inconsiderable portion of these Goods, so slight, indeed, as to be scarcely discoverable, and which must escape detection by any ordinary purchaser, we are enabled to offer the various lots, most of which are perfect, at little more than half their real value.

It is not too much to say that an opportunity of procuring an article of first-rate quality, on such advantageous terms, seldom presents itself; and we can, therefore, recommend these goods with the utmost confidence.

LADIES' PARIS KID GLOVES (best quality manufactured).

No. 1 Lot.—150 Dozen Rouquette's Celebrated Paris Kid Gloves, all at 2s. per pair. The regular price for the goods is 3s. 10d. per pair.
No. 2 Lot.—740 Dozen Best French Kid, Grenoble manufacture, all at 1s. 8½d. per pair; usual price varying from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per pair.
No. 3 Lot.— 50 Dozen Gentlemen's Gold Tan Chevrettes, all at 1s. 8½d. per pair; usual price 3s. 6d. per pair.

LADIES' CALFSKIN GAUNTLET GLOVES.

No. 4 Lot.—30 Dozen Ladies' Best Quality Calfskin Gauntlet Gloves, all at 1s. 8½d. pair; usually sold at 3s. 6d. per pair.

GENTLEMEN'S DOGSKIN GLOVES.

No. 5 Lot.—45 Dozen Gentlemen's Best Quality Dogskin Gloves, all at 1s. 0½d. per pair; usually sold at 2s. per pair.

It may be desirable to add that the above stock will doubtless be speedily disposed of.

JAMES LOWE, 15, 17, 19, OLDHAM STREET.

THE "FLORENCE"

LOCKSTITCH SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE BEST.

THEY WILL HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BRAID, BIND, QUILT, GATHER, AND SEW ON A BAND AT THE SAME TIME.

THEY MAKE FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES, and have many advantages possessed by no other Machines, including the REVERSIBLE FEED, for fastening off the ends of seams without removing the work from the Machine.

PROSPECTUSES AND SAMPLES FREE.

19 & 21, BLACKFRIARS STREET, CORNER OF DEANSGATE.

OWENS COLLEGE AND THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—In your article on the "The Grammar School at the Universities," remarking on the stiffness of the scholarship examinations at Oxford and Cambridge, you take occasion to say, that "among them (the competitors) are to be found the pick of the brains of the Scotch Universities, and occasionally a particularly bright Owens collegian—although the latter is nowhere in the race compared with the grammar school-boy." This remark is uncalled for, since, even if its truth were granted, it would still be unfair, inasmuch as Owens students do not, as a rule, compete at Oxford and Cambridge, but at the London examinations, where they hold their own, with any other school or college, especially in science. When, in a previous portion of your paper, you state that "there is but one standard to measure the public schools by, and that is success in the examinations for scholarships, distinctions, and degrees, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge," you virtually exclude colleges such as Owens, whose Alma Mater is London; and, therefore, you act very unjustly when you introduce it as only "occasionally" sending a competition to the examinations at Oxford and Cambridge. But you are no less unfair as regards the success of these occasional luminaries. If you are referring merely to the Minor Scholarship Examinations, it may be stated that, during the last five or six years, only seven of the Owens students have tried for "Minors" at Cambridge, and only one at Oxford. Of the seven at Cambridge, two never had a chance, and only went up with some friends; so that, virtually, only five have competed, and, of these, three obtained them. Mr. Wright, in May 1865, obtained a tied First at Christ's; Mr. Hopkinson, in May 1867, took the First at Trinity; and Mr. Lamb, this year also, gained one at Trinity. Mr. Hopwood alone, of the Owens students, has tried for a Minor at Oxford, and he, too, was successful. If you refer to honours inside the colleges, it may be stated, that at Cambridge there are now seven Owens men, and one just going up; and at Oxford one, and another going up this term. Of the Cambridge seven, two hold Foundation Scholarships at Trinity—an honour which you will, of course, understand. One of these, Mr. Lees, has been in the First Class at the last two "Mays," and obtained the Greek Testament special prize both the last two years, and also the Goldbeaters' Scholarship; Mr. Barnes, at John's, has been in the First Class at all his examinations; Mr. Moore holds the Librarianship at Catherine's (given for merit at an examination, although there is no special contest for it); Mr. Wright, too, has taken high places at Christ's; and Mr. Armitage has this year gained the Greek Testament prize at Trinity. Owens being a child, in comparison with the Grammar School in respect of years, it cannot point to a long list of honours at either of the old Universities, as the latter institution can—only two of the students having heretofore, I believe, completed their course at Cambridge; one of these, Mr. Sanderson, was a Wrangler. I have no wish to run down the honours gained by grammar school men, for our Grammar School is one of which Manchester has a right to be proud; but I do object to a writer, for the sake of rounding off a sentence, inserting such a remark as that of which this letter complains. The injustice of it, I believe, facts sufficiently demonstrate; and now having, as I hope, both accounted for the fact of Owens men being only occasionally seen at Oxford and Cambridge, and also shewn that when there, they know how to maintain the credit of their college, I beg leave to subscribe myself

FAIR-PLAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Allow me to point out what seems to me a rather glaring omission in the account of the Grammar school athletic distinctions at Oxford. Mr. Harrison Blair, for three years running, won the billiard match for his University against Cambridge. A noted marker there remarked, also, that they had never had a finer amateur player at Oxford than this gentleman. This will not be the least of the triumphs to record in the register or album suggested in the article.—I beg to remain, yours truly,

SAPERE AUDE.

P.S.—Surely, by Standring and Stannis, the same person, Stanning, is meant?

MANCHESTER BANKS.

HEYWOOD'S.

SAINT Ann's Square, as a public thoroughfare and a place of fashionable resort, is a locality well known to most of our readers; but St. Ann's Square without Heywood's Bank, at the corner, would no more be the place which it is, than it would be without the church or Satterfield's shop. When old Polonius, among other precepts of worthy wisdom, instructed his son, on the eve of his departure from Denmark, to "neither a borrower nor a lender be," it is clear that it was not the intention of Laertes to follow the profession of a banker. As the little boy, when he was asked the question "What is natural history," drawing his knowledge from his own experience, ingenuously replied, "Keeping rabbits;" so, taking a circumscribed view of the monetary subject in hand, we should define banking to be borrowing and lending, or, in other words, receiving money on deposit, and lending it out again. Of all the establishments now existing in Manchester, founded for this purpose, and which have assisted largely in developing the trade and industry of the district, Heywood's is now the oldest. The Bank was established in the year 1788, by the late Sir Benjamin Heywood's grandfather, formerly a Liverpool merchant. His son, Nathaniel, succeeded him, and was, in his turn, followed in the management of the Bank by his eldest son, Benjamin. This well-known gentleman, who was one of the worthiest of Manchester worthies, has so recently passed away, and his good deeds are so well remembered, that further allusion to him is almost unnecessary. Sir Benjamin was descended from an old Lancashire family, who resided at Bolton-le-Moors, in the reign of Edward VI. Of this stock, came the well known Rev. Oliver Heywood, of Coley Chapel, in the parish of Halifax, and Nathaniel Heywood, Vicar of Ormskirk, both of whom were ejected from their livings because they could not sign the Act of Uniformity, in 1662. From them the present family is directly descended. Sir B. Heywood was returned to Parliament for South Lancashire, in 1831; and in 1838, on the accession of Her Majesty to the throne, he was created a baronet. He was an active supporter of all the literary, scientific, and charitable institutions of the town. He was always ready to give his assistance to every benevolent and philanthropic project; and, although of very domestic and retiring habits, so long as health permitted him, he was prepared to give his personal influence to public meetings held for the promotion of praiseworthy objects. But it was in secret acts of private benevolence that Sir Benjamin Heywood was really most active. He was constantly doing kind things, and doing them in the kindest way; and his greatest pleasure was in comforting those who were desolate and oppressed.

The present partners of Heywood Brothers and Co. are four of Sir Benjamin's six sons. The eldest son, the present baronet, is not in the firm; and one of the younger sons is Rector of Swinton. For some years previous to his retirement, Sir Benjamin ceased to take an active part in the management of the Bank, which has been conducted, since Mr. Langton left, by Mr. Oliver Heywood and his brothers. Since its formation, the Bank has continued a quiet career of uninterrupted prosperity. The formation of new joint-stock banks must, necessarily, have some temporary effect upon the business of existing establishments, as, naturally, some of the shareholders will remove their accounts to the bank of which they are proprietors. The prodigious increase of business, however, in this district, during the last forty years, has more than counterbalanced the formation of new banks; and, indeed, it is a singular fact, that such a weeding has taken place among the Manchester banks, that there are actually fewer now in existence than was the case thirty years since. Of the private banks, Heywood's and Brooks's alone remain, and are apparently necessary to give such of the public who prefer keeping their accounts with a private firm the opportunity of doing so. After the panic of 1847, when Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd, now Lord Overstone, withdrew from the Manchester firm of Jones, Loyd and Co., and some internal re-arrangements of the King-street establishment took place, there was a general clearing of the commercial atmosphere, and Heywood's Bank received a large accession of business. It has never done a pushing business, but been content to let things develop themselves quietly; consequently, no one ever hears of

their making bad debts, or having other troubles. Happily, for a number of years, Manchester has had little experience of a run upon a bank. There have been such things, however, and we know what we do know; but we don't think any one ever heard of a run on Heywood's; and if there was, we don't suppose it would much signify. There are various kinds of runs besides those on banks, and they all, more or less, partake of the nature of a panic. The defeat at Bull's Run, by a singular coincidence in names, was a complete stampede. That, and other successes of the Confederate army, were the remote causes of a run on the cotton market; for Mr. Gladstone, who at that time was Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a speech at Newcastle, anticipating the success of the Southern Confederation, which had the effect of producing a temporary panic, and knocked down prices in a manner that many have not yet forgotten. The run down Ben Lang's stairs last week, at the gaping geese concert, alluded to in this journal before the catastrophe, sent a thrill of horror through the community; and a run upon a bank has been the death of many an innocent person. But as the Manchester banks are not banks of issue, even in times of severe pressure, such a phenomenon is almost unknown.

Heywood's Bank has always been a very agreeable place to transact business at. For some reason or other, it has always had a large connection with the professional people, divines, medical men, and such like. Perhaps, this arises partly from a certain air of serenity and retirement about the place, agreeable to, and harmonising with, the professional mind, and partly from the connection which the family have always had with the institutions of the town; for just as people who are getting up a meeting for some public or charitable purpose, generally get hold of Mr. Oliver Heywood to take the chair, or give it his support, so do they seem always to be pouncing upon his brother, Mr. Arthur Heywood, and electing him treasurer. At all events, whatever the cause may be, more professional people and ladies seem to frequent Heywood's than most other banks. When that fine elderly gentleman, Mr. ——, went to be chief cashier there, we always fancied that we were transacting business with some tremendous diplomatic big-wig, like Lord Cowley, or some one of that sort, only, after all, the handsome old gentleman, with his wrist-bands turned back, was a much more aristocratic looking personage than our ex-ambassador at Paris.

Although quite a young man, Mr. Oliver Heywood has been so long before the Manchester public, having come before them when quite a stripling, that we feel almost inclined to look upon him as a veteran. His figure is almost as familiar, as he drives his old white horse or handsome bays to town, as used to be Mr. Loyd, the banker, years ago, riding to town on his pony Moses, or Mr. Sam Brooks on his fast trotting nag. By the way, what has become of the old white horse? We must certainly have known him for at least fifteen years, and although last time we saw him he appeared all right, it strikes us we have missed him for some months. A horrible idea cresses us; surely he can't have been delivered up to the hippophagists, and devoured at the Langham hotel.

The business of Heywood's Bank was conducted for many years in the premises on the site of which stands the present building. The old bank was a curious, dingy, dark old place; the present building is a vast improvement, and is a handsome imposing edifice, built, if we mistake not, by the late Mr. Gregan. But enlarged and improved as it is, it seems to be crowded and scarcely commodious enough for the business carried on in it, both before and behind the counter. Changes don't appear to occur often behind the counter of Heywood's, beyond what are brought about by the inevitable inroads of time. Although of liberal politics, we should say that the Messrs. Heywood are not partial to sudden and abrupt changes, and in these days of shoddy and ostentatious display, it is really pleasant to see people living at Claremont and Acresfield, just as they did forty years since. In this respect they seem to be almost as steadfast and immutable as the Sphinx itself. We have heard it mentioned as a characteristic of the steady-going, old-fashioned ways of the bank, that there is a rule in existence, that no clerk is allowed to wear either his beard or moustache. This hobby might, we should think, now be dispensed with, as there is nothing singular about these natural hirsute appendages. However, if such is the fancy of the powers that be, there is no great hardship in the clerks having to conform to it. Soldiers have to cut their hair and beards regulation fashion, and submit to other acts of discipline of a trivial nature. With regard to beards, however, we may here relate two anecdotes which bear upon the question, and the change of opinion which has occurred regarding it. Some years since, when the late Mr. Muntz represented Birmingham in parliament, he wore a large flowing beard, and as no other member abstained from shaving except Colonel Sibthorpe, Mr. Muntz, who was altogether a singular looking man, and wore large wide pantaloons, and carried an enormous cudgel, was exposed to the banter and ridicule of the members and frequenters of the house. A gentleman, who happened to have been a class fellow of Mr. Muntz's, on being asked how it was that he wore that ridiculous beard, replied that Mr. Muntz was quite right, for previous to his allowing it to grow he had been such a martyr to neuralgia and tic-douloureux in the face, that he had been recommended to cease shaving, and that he had derived the greatest benefit from wearing his beard. The gentleman who defended Mr. Muntz on this occasion was—Sir Benjamin Heywood. Another case of beards being forbidden in a public office occurs to us. Before they came in vogue, a gentleman who held a high government post in London, finding that some of the clerks showed a propensity for growing moustaches, stuck a notice up that they were not allowed during business hours. A few years since, this gentleman became a convert to the beard movement, and actually published a paper on the subject in one of the magazines, recommending all working men, and men exposed to the weather, to grow their beards. Not so long since, we met this gentleman in the neighbourhood of Somerset House, wearing a beard himself, and on our reminding him of his former prejudice and official edict, he laughed heartily and seemed to think it an excellent joke. Any thing outrageously singular in matters of daily wear, are of course, avoided by people of good sense. For example, if one of the Scotch clerks, in the District Bank, was to insist in appearing in the kilt and philibeg, and pay cheques in that picturesque and national costume, we should think he need not be surprised if he received notice to change it, or return to the land of the mountain and the flood. Beards, however, are now nearly as common as pantaloons, and are scarcely worth while forbidding, except in the case of such employments where they are really out of place and inconvenient.

Heywood's Bank has never had any branches. For many years their London bankers were Masterman, Peters, & Co., but upon that firm's being converted into Masterman & The Agra Bank, Limited, they removed their London account, and now draw upon Barclay, Bevan, & Co.

AN ENIGMA BY THE SPHINX.

Pray, speak my name; you've known me all your life;
I whirl on race-course, street, in bloody strife,
And when I come, folk turn their backs on me,
Alarmed, my mystic, cloudy form to see.
I rise and fall like storm-glass; and, strange, too,
I go before myself, myself pursue!
They who too commonly deceive mankind
Apply me to their eyes to make them blind.
No semblance have I of a ghostly shade,
But joy to others! like a ghost I'm laid.
Heroes have licked me, though they liked me not;
Gamblers cry—Down with me, in venturous lot.
Now, I'm ransacked for my bits of gold:
Now, cried from door to door, and yet not sold.
E'en Satan claims a portion to dispose
In coats, vests, trowsers, and men's other clothes.
The time will come,—oh, may this distant be!
When you will be encurtained round by me.

THE BEAUTY OF A THIN HOUSE.

A historimaniac of our acquaintance is of opinion that the only Parliament on record that could by any possibility have passed the present session in comfort was the "Barebones" Parliament.

EXTRACT FROM THE MAYOR'S CALENDAR.—No (K)night!

THE SPINSTERS' THERMOMETER.—Forty-five in the shade.

THE HAYMARKET ACTORS.

AFTER a week's diligent attendance at the Theatre Royal, we scarcely can say whether we have seen the Haymarket Company or not. That we have seen most of the members of it, the amount of admirable acting we have witnessed amply testifies. There is Mr. Chippendale's wonderful face, Mr. Buckstone's unctuous drollery, and Mr. Compton's inimitable quaintness—but Mr. Farren's ringing laugh is heard no more; and, without it, we cannot realize the Haymarket Company.

The most critical point in this year's performances has, of course, been the substitution of Mr. Kendal for Mr. Farren, as *Charles Surface*. Mr. Kendal's *Charles* is excellent. In some places, his idea of what he ought to do seems to us to be superior to Mr. Farren's. The rehearsal to himself, towards the end of the piece, while *Joseph* is making "one of his long speeches"—of the manner in which he will throw himself upon *Sir Oliver's* mercy—is a capital notion; and his conception and execution of many other little bits are admirable. There is rather too much meaningless grinning and pointless tapping of other people on the breast—as much as to say, I want to convey the idea that I'm a gay dog, and don't exactly know what gay dogs do, but suppose this is about the sort of thing—and there is a little want of ease and finish: this, however, practice will improve. One very pleasing feature about Mr. Kendal's performance is that he, with self-respect and judgment, does not attempt to achieve the impossibility of representing Mr. Farren, but strikes out a line of his own, and pursues it with success—indeed, with more success than it deserves. The most remarkable event of last Saturday's spectacle was the tremendous ovation with which Mr. Kendal's acting was rewarded. He merited much applause, but he got too much. Taken altogether, he gave a good impersonation. Viewed from the back of the house, it may have seemed as good as Mr. Farren's; for his seemed only good there. But, seen from the front of the house, Mr. Farren's was exquisite. Every yard nearer, it grew finer. Mr. Kendal's could not, possibly. His general deportment satisfied vague vision; but in Mr. Kendal's face lies Mr. Kendal's failure. The closer seen, the less he pleases. His is a capital performance, but it is a performance that you could easily imagine somebody else doing. It does not transport you; it only greatly pleases you. It does not make you feel that no one else ever was, or will be, able to play the part Mr. Farren's does. It makes you perfectly positive that it never was and never will be equalled. Charles Lamb may say what he likes; we are convinced that Farren is superior to Smith, the original representative of the part. It is physically impossible for any other man to equal Farren's *Charles*. We could, perhaps, conceive *Charles* being *acted* better, but he never can be *looked* as well—in fact, by anybody else he never can be looked at all. Mr. Farren was made for the part. Nobody else but him is *Charles*: he is nobody else but *Charles*. When the front scene divides, revealing him amongst his fellow-revellers, presiding at his table, all one can see of him is face and frill—but the face and the frill are the face and the frill of *Charles Surface*. When he comes out and stands before the footlights, in his gorgeous satins, we venture to say nothing in the shape of a man ever looked handsomer. What a face—what a figure—what a costume—what an air? Surely the perfection of male beauty! A sight to make one for a moment understand how it is a woman can fall in love with a thing so gross and clumsy as a man! A man to make one wish one was a woman, to adore! And not male beauty perfect merely: *Charles Surface!* From wig to shoe-buckle—*Charles Surface!* From ruff to ruff—*Charles Surface! Charles Surface*, all over! The handsome rake—the open-hearted gallant! The youth whose very vices are cast in beauty's mould. The physically perfect prodigal, whose extravagance has the air of generosity, whose profligacy wears the mien of gaiety. The man for a woman to worship! The whole play is intelligible at first sight of him. *Maria's* love, *Joseph's* jealousy, *Sir Peter's* suspicions, *Lady Sneerwell's* passion, *Rowley's* partiality—all are visible, in the first gleam the footlights cast upon that satin sheen. It is not Farren, but Charles Surface, that we see.

To this perfection Mr. Kendal will never attain. It is no use his trying: nature has decreed his failure. He can never equal Mr. Farren's presence. He has a good figure, but comparatively a bad one. He is rather good-looking, but comparatively as ugly as sin. Seen by itself, his *Charles* is excellent; compared with Mr. Farren's, it is an insipid sketch. In a word, Mr. Kendal does not give us *Charles Surface*, but he gives us a capital substitute for him. His impersonation is a gay young man, but it is not *Charles Surface*. A woman could not worship it. In the screen-scene, Mr. Farren's marvellous power of laughter is sadly absent. It is one of the most wonderful things on the stage, and without it the Haymarket Company does not exist.

Mr. Kendal's extraordinary reception is a problem. We cannot help ascribing it, in some part, to the audience's wish to testify good-will and welcome to him, and, in other part, to its delight at having found so good a substitute for its old favourite. But even after subtracting welcome and pleased surprise from the plaudits that greeted him, there was not anything like the same difference between his new and Mr. Farren's old reception that there is between his new and Mr. Farren's old desert. The event has made us wonder whether the bulk of the audience has really seen Mr. Farren—indeed, whether the bulk of Manchester play-goers have really seen the Haymarket Company. We don't believe they have. They may have looked at Mr. Farren and his colleagues all the time they have been acting, but that they have *seen* their acting, we do not believe. It is a fact not generally known, but none the less a fact, that it is impossible to see the Haymarket Company from the body of the dress-circle. The same impossibility applies to the back of the pit and all the rest of the house except the stalls and lower private-boxes. The proper place to see the Haymarket Company from is the front row of the stalls; but even that position is not equal to what the front row of the pit was, when they acted at the *Queen's*. The Haymarket performances at the *Royal* are not quite so exquisitely enjoyable as they were at the *Queen's*. One cannot get as near them; and the melancholy theatre they now are given in—with its dreary stage and filthy sets of miserable furniture—cast a depressing shadow over even them. There is no scenery for distance to lend enchantment to: the wretched rags of the shabbiest management in Christendom could not look worse in one place than another, and upon the stage are faces to which *nearness* lends enchantment. We once went up into the circle, and we could not think it was the same performance. Let those who have always gone to the back of the house go to the front, and they will be astonished. Those who have never sat forward have never seen the Haymarket Company. Mr. Kendal's reception on Saturday has convinced us that the bulk of Saturday night's audience never saw Mr. Farren. They must have looked at both from the back of the house; that is to say, they looked at Mr. Farren from the worst point of view, and at Mr. Kendal from the best.

Miss Robertson advances every evening in the favour of the audience. Her virtues are too numerous to mention; her vices are a tendency to gasp and stride, and more than a tendency to stoop. The former faults a little self-control would rectify at once; but that dreadful stoop will, if she does not take care, play the very mischief with her acting. In emphatic passages, such as the one where *Lady Teazle* denounces *Joseph Surface's* "insiduous arts," she is a little too petulent to be dignified. In the same part she smells at her bouquet too often. Except these faults, and she is a ladylike and clever actress. Her eyes appear to be the very residence of the spirit of mischief. As *Hypolita*, she is as charming as her dress; and her performance of the part was conspicuous for good taste, as the authorship of it is conspicuous for bad. We have only one objection to it—which is, that she adds to the inherent wild improbability of the part, by making herself too pretty to possibly be mistaken for a youth: there never was such a nice young man. *She would and she would not* would, without her, be insufferable. As it was, we are glad to say, the comedy was a failure. The piece does not deserve to succeed. The unpleasantness of seeing a woman in men's clothes ought, at least, to be atoned for by some irresistible clever consequence of making her assume them. In this play, there is no such consequence. The piece's barrenness is worthy of the hero of the *Dunciad*. One is apt to envy the play-goers of the olden times, when the drama was the fashion; but one has only to see a specimen of these involved and unintelligible tissues of bribery, intrigue and imbecility, to be reconciled to Boucicault. Even Mr. Chippendale's splendid facial acting cannot render passable the madly farcical speeches of the tyrannical old lunatic he represents. There are some good bits in the play, but they do not compensate for all the rubbish they are smothered in. From the master-pieces of the Haymarket, it, as well as *London Assurance*, must be excepted.

We have two objections to make to practices of the Haymarket Company. The first is a trivial one. It is to the excessive shortness of the intervals which they allow between the acts of pieces they are perfect in. Smartness is a good thing, but that one may have too much of a good thing is "an old observation and a very true one." They scarcely give us time to thoroughly enjoy the plays. The other objection that we have to urge is a more serious one. It applies principally to the farces acted by the company. These contain passages which would not only be better omitted, but which should, in common decency, be indignantly excised. It is a melancholy proof of the degradation of the stage, to find actors who are qualified to excite the merriment of wise men by their talents, content to raise the laughter of fools by the prostitution of them. That the best company in England should exhibit the most loathsome vices of the worst, is inexpressibly disgusting. We sincerely hope that the proposition which *Mr. Samuel Snozzle* never had the like of made to him before, he will never have the like of made to him again. We also trust that we have heard the last of several other similar compliments to the ladies in the audience—one, at least, of which is paid each evening. We have noticed, with pleasure, amongst audiences a growing tendency to hiss: might not that wholesome habit take a little exercise on such occasion? And might not the practice of that talent for noisily rising and leaving the theatre during the performance—which is possessed in so eminent a degree by the dress-circle and stalls—be advantageously transferred from just before the end of the farce, to the occurrence of such passages as we are speaking of? As matters stand, it is a piece of impudence to take a lady to see the Haymarket Company. Let them remember that, when they are performing in Manchester, they are not performing either to royalty or aristocracy.

MRS. GRUNDY ON THE HOT WEATHER.

Oh, dear! where will all this singeing end?
And what does all this 'eat portend?
And when will Goodness gracious send
Some much less over-done days?
Weather so boiling, broiling 'ot
May suit the sooty 'Ottentot;
I scarcely need to say it's not
Enjoyed at Mrs. Grundy's.

The ground around seems all a fire;
The glass is daily getting 'igher;
The very cowcumbers prespire
These far-too-'ot-for-fun days.
'Tis far too 'ot to sup or bite,
Too 'ot to walk, or talk, or write,
Too 'ot to sleep in bed at night—
At least at Mrs. Grundy's.

In sober truth, we're meltin' fast,
And Grundy, he stands quite aghast;
He says as 'ow we've got at last
The famous month of Sun-days.
Well! but for shocking the grandees,
Un robe de comfort en chemise
Is what I'd recommend for ease—
It's worn at Mrs. Grundy's!

NOT A BAD GUESS.

Mrs. Partington seems to have been a good deal puzzled by the modestly mysterious woodcut that heads our title-page. On receiving an explanation from an intelligent neighbour, she exclaimed:—"Lawk-a-daisy-me! if I didn't think it were satanising the way the Manchester ladies wears their back hair!"

GOOD OATH FOR A POACHER.—An odd rabbit.

BALD—ERDASH.—Monie makes the hair to grow.

THE MAYOR AND MANY FRIENDS.

THE philosophers have a theory that morality is pretty much a matter of climate. They will tell you that crimes against property and crimes of passion are simply questions of latitude and longitude, and that the thermometer is chiefly responsible for all the sins in the calendar. These *savans* will put their finger on that particular corner of the map where you may confidently look for a disproportionate quantity of assassination, and on that other corner of the map where petty larceny is the prevailing popular weakness. In this way it appears to be possible to predict with a reasonable amount of philosophical certainty as to where you ought to go if you want to have your throat cut, or whither it is well to wend if you simply desire to lose your pocket-handkerchief. You can be accommodated with a little cheerful up-and-down fighting in the vicinity of Bullocksmithy, to which the entire adult population is native and to the manner born, or, as the sages allege, you can make sure of a stiletto wherever two or three lazzaroni are gathered together in what used to be called the two Sicilies. It would seem, therefore, that the thermometer has a good deal to answer for.

We are quite willing to believe that the too susceptible quicksilver, which during the last quarter of a year has been so severely exercised, can adequately account for certain municipal eccentricities to which it may be useful to make a passing reference. It happens to be our pride and privilege (we think that is the orthodox way of putting it) to live under the mild dominion of a mayor and corporation. Municipally speaking, Manchester, in common with every other borough in the kingdom, may be said to have realised the old-fashioned Chartist theory of annual parliaments. It is the one point out of the six which has found favour with the English burgess. Generally speaking, they change their municipal sovereign every November, and get what they can out of the change until the succeeding November. It happens occasionally that a mayor is endowed with an especial longevity, and is able to survive through a second year, and the phenomenon has been known, even in Manchester, that a mayor of a remarkably robust mental and moral constitution has continued to survive to the end of the third year. As the grave-digger in Hamlet has it, "A tanner will last you nine year." Happily the Corporation of Manchester is not much troubled with tanners, or, it is to be presumed, we should have nine years' mayoralties. The present mayor, who, although not exactly a tanner, appears to have adopted the tanners' motto, "There is nothing like leather," has very nearly completed what we may call a duplicate mayoralty. He has been twice a mayor. But inasmuch as all that is bright must fade, and as the quaint poet puts it—

> Golden lads and lasses must
> Like chimney-sweepers come to dust,

there must be an end some day even of so incomparable a municipal officer as Robert Neill, Esquire. But, as there were not wanting precedents for a three years' mayoralty, it is not surprising that, in view of the illustrious service rendered by His Worship to the city, in the matter of municipal good manners and in other valuable ways, two or three,—we think the exact number happens to be five—of his personal worshippers were not unwilling that he should reign over us yet another year.

It may yet linger in the memory of some of us that in order to test the extent of this feeling, as well as to ascertain to what king the city was about to be subject, a printed circular was recently issued, dated from the Town Hall, on the 25th of July. The circular ran thus:

> Dear Sir—Your attendance is respectfully requested at a meeting of the members of the City Council, to be held in the Mayor's parlour, on Tuesday next, the 28th instant, at half-past Eleven o'clock in the forenoon precisely, to consider the subject of the next year's mayoralty.—(Signed) R. Rumney; Abel Heywood; J. Clowes; Hy. Patteson; Geo. Booth; Wm. Birch; Samuel Ingham.

All this was above board and perfectly legitimate. They who are proud of forming part of the most considerable municipality in Europe, might even feel an excusable anxiety as to who should next be elected to embody the monarchy of municipal order and of law, and to the wise and graceful dominion of, perhaps, the first industrial community in the world. The question was put to the vote. In this highly favoured county we put every thing to the vote. A respected alderman who appreciates, with, perhaps, an excusable extravagance, the high qualities

of the present Mayor, suggested to the twenty-eight gentlemen who answered the printed summons to the Mayor's parlour, that it would be wise to let well alone, and that as the present Mayor was a good Mayor, you could not have too much of a good thing. The proposal had hardly been made before it was withdrawn. There is a limit even to the patience of the Manchester corporation. It was then suggested that Mr. Alderman Curtis having been Mayor for one year only, it would be the proper thing to appoint him for a second year. It was discovered that Mr Alderman Heywood was a one-year Mayor also, and that it was not impossible that he would be willing to sustain these blushing municipal honours thick upon him for another year. Curiously enough it seems to occur to somebody else that if these municipal honours took their natural course, good sense and good taste might not after all be found very seriously to suffer. The question was put to the vote, and the result was that out of the twenty-eight members of the Corporation assembled, sixteen voted for Mr. Alderman Grave, ten voted for Mr. Alderman Curtis, two voted for Mr. Alderman Heywood, and, as we have said, the name of the Mayor was withdrawn.

Ordinary folk would have supposed this to be, if not universally satisfactory, at least final. Not a bit of it. Another printed circular was issued a few days ago to certain members of the Corporation. In the left hand corner of it was printed in conspicuous capitals the word "private." The cirular was in this wise :—

ELECTION OF MAYOR, 1868-9.

Dear Sir—You are invited to attend a meeting of Members of the Council favourable to the re-election of Mr. Alderman Neill, to be held at the Clarence Hotel, Spring Gardens, on Wednesday evening next the 5th inst. at half-past six o'clock. (Signed) James Bake; Robert Rumney; George Booth; E. Butterworth; A. Murray; C. Thomson; T. Warburton; J. J. Harwood; T. Muirhead; Wm. Mather.—P.S. If unable to attend please intimate your approval or otherwise.

We have been informed on reliable authority, that this not altogether unimportant business of, perhaps, the first municipality in the world, was discussed, in pursuance of this circular marked "PRIVATE," in a private room of an Hotel, by exactly six persons. As to the sense and taste of all this we forbear offering any commentary. But we do desire to say that nobody's ambition justifies the transaction of great municipal affairs in the dark. Still less does it justify the discreditable crime of forgery. We are prepared to assert that at least five out of the ten names appended to the circular marked "private," summoning a meeting at the Clarence Hotel of Members of the Council favourable to the re-election (for the third time) of Mr. Alderman Neill, are forged. We happen to know that Mr. Alderman Bake has repudiated all knowledge of the circular; that Alderman Rumney had no hand in it; that Alderman G. Booth knew nothing of it; that Councillor Harwood never agreed to it; and that Councillor Muirhead had no finger in the pie. We are half inclined to believe that the public, who have an absurd kind of interest in the reputation of the men they sometimes vote for in the month of November, would be glad to hear some sort of explanation of this municipal excursion into the unfamiliar domain of forgery and personation—a peccadillo, by the way, which occasionally incurs the hazard of hard labour and a prison livery.

Our own impression is that the weather has done it all, and the whole thing is intelligible when we remember that the thermometer is 85 in the shade. The Mayor's good-natured friends have taken a good deal of trouble to make him ridiculous, but it is too bad to associate his respectable name with that kind of folly which has been said to be worse than a crime—a blunder. It is all very well to "die hard" and to "die game," but it is cruel indeed to be made to die a little worse than ridiculous.

AFTER MOORE—BEER.

Oh! breathe not its name—eighty-five in the shade
Is a figure no Briton can view undismayed.
We may vainly, to cool ourselves, drink down the Bass,
Whilst the mercury's still going up in the glass;
But, whene'er it descends! though we've taken our fill,
We will drink to its downfall with hearty good will;
And the beer we imbibe, when in future we drain,
Shall these drouthy days bring to our memory again!

LONDON PAPERS.

THE *TIMES*.

WE all read some London paper. Of course, we take our *Guardian* in every morning, in the "hope deferred" that we may some day find it interesting, and equally, of course, it takes us in every morning, by disappointing us once more; we also—if we like smart writing—daily study our *Examiner;* and, if we are a clergyman, or a member of the Constitutional Association, get our *Courier*. But we are not satisfied. About mid-day, we grow unsettled in our minds—and in our seats. If we do not happen to be disposing of a profitable parcel—which, worse luck! we seldom do happen to be doing now-a-days—we keep an anxious eye upon the window, and upon that vociferous little boy outside, who is such a dreadful nuisance, all the rest of the day. We cast a glance upon each passing cab, to see if we can spy those big white bundles we are looking for; and presently—if business be in its normal state—we turn out into Market-street, and instinctively stop opposite the place the contents-bills will occupy, when they arrive. By-an-by, up comes the cab, and out of it gets the fussy young man, with as many piles of print as he can carry. Out of the shop rush two small errand-boys, who seize upon the rest, and drag them in. The counter is besieged with customers already, and the proprietor is selling off his wares as fast as he and his subordinates can fold them. All is fuss and flurry. Even the imperturbable Mrs. Bohanna becomes a little agitated. Why all this excitement? Because the *Morning Post* has come, and here's the *Daily News*. *Times* fly; *Telegraphs* at no other period despatch their messages so speedily; *Standards* enough to stock the British army and navy are unfurled; one sees as many *Stars* as if one had caught a cricket-ball in one's eye. Not only London newspapers do we look out for eagerly. We zealously con our weekly *Punch*—through the friendly medium of some shop-window. We have too much good common sense to purchase it: all *Punch's* wit is on its open page. If we have an odd penny about us, we take a little *Fun* occasionally; and, if we are savagely inclined, we, under cover of the night, lay out a stealthy twopence on a *Tomahawk*. Nor is this all: if we are rather fond of thinking ourselves "gentlemen," and being written for by "gentlemen," out of our pockets may be seen protruding—somewhat ostentatiously—a fold of creamy paper, called, in thin-faced, fashionable type, *Pall Mall Gazette*. Yes, cotton-spinners as we are, "blood and culture" find a place amongst us. Since, then, we take so keen an interest in the papers London publishes, and read them with such regularity, we cannot help having formed certain opinions about them; and, having formed opinions, why should not we express them? Let us criticise the critics. They are always analysing somebody or other; why should they not be analysed themselves? Let us turn the tables on them. Let us tell these roaring lions our opinion of them.

Taking them as a whole, they are one of the wonders of the world. That London, when it gets up in the morning, should find on its breakfast table not only all the news of the preceding day, but all the news of the preceding day ably and picturesquely criticised as well, is marvellous, indeed. It has been said that journalism now-a-days is literature. It is more. It is distinctively the literature of the day. It absorbs nearly all the wholesome reading in the country. It commands the services of literature's ablest professors. This is, no doubt, a healthy state of things. The fact that men who are but ordinary scribes to-day would have been famous authors yesterday, proves the superiority of to-day. The fact that the same sort of work which used to be done by even yesterday's ordinary scribes, is now often done by even to-day's famous authors, shows how that same work has improved. But this bright prospect has its gloomy side. It is not pleasant to reflect that men who might be writing great works on eternal subjects, are penning fugitive notices of ephemeral events. "Periodical literature is a morass," said some one; "avoid it, ye who wish for fame." His words were words of wisdom. Every paper has its day—no more. However true its praise, however strong its censure, however keen its satire, however genial its humour, to-day—to-morrow, matters not. It is a thing of the past. Its emptied columns are its own; its praise, censure, satire, and humour—are the butterman's. Of the flight of time, of the fickleness of things, of the press of the present, the inconsequence of the past, there is no better teacher than a newspaper.

One would have thought that sympathy would join the labourers in so arduous a work as journalism in the bonds of brotherhood. But no! the old couplet applies—

> In every age and clime we see
> Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

That's very true—for a proverb. And as the drama is, perhaps, the most conspicuous instance of professional co-operation, the press is, perhaps, the most so of professional dissension. All papers are at loggerheads. Each individual one is at loggerheads with each indivdual other. They even spend a considerable portion of their time and space criticising one another's grammar. This is born of self-conceit. Why should a paper be conceited? It is an extraordinary thing; but self-conceit is the most striking characteristic of almost every paper you can name. The moment one starts, it sets itself up above its neighbours. Each one affects to be the king of all. There is no reason why a paper should be more bumptious than a man. Modesty is just as pleasing in the one as in the other, and conceit is just as offensive. In the comic papers the extent to which it is carried is absolutely repulsive. In *Punch*, the thing—originally assumed for fun—has grown into a positive nuisance. A week or two ago, we were much struck by a remark of the *Spectator's*, in which it presumed it was no less prone to wildness—when unchecked by criticism—than its contemporaries were. We never met with such a sentence in a paper! We did not read the *Spectator* before, but we have read every number of it since.

Foremost amongst all London papers stands—of course—the *Times*. As we do not intend to criticise the *Times* in a separate article, we will mention it now, and have done with it. We do not intend to criticise it in a separate article, because it is a high-and-dry sort of literature, which—to be candid—we rather avoid. Moreover, we think a daily newspaper that sets itself up, in this penny age, to be worth threepence, does not deserve to be read. But we have internal as well as external reasons for not relishing its perusal. When we are in the midst of it, we feel as if we were wandering about a literary desert. We do not seem to be reading a real live contemporary newspaper, but a species of eminently respectable journalistic fossil, out of whose every sentence has been squeezed whatever small amount of smartness and vigour its eminently respectable writer originally infused into it—out of a timid doubt whether smartness and vigour are eminently respectable enough for insertion, and whether they might not give offence to its eminently respectable readers, and injure its general eminently respectable reputation. What is eminently respectable, is eminently dull. Whenever a newspaper aims at universality, it has to sink its individuality—that is to say, its power. A journal which strives to be typical of journalism, must inevitably read flat. Articles in the *Times* are lemonade, with the fizz gone off—skim-milk—cold mutton, the second day—tilted beer. One looks in the *Times* for official and national matters; if one has a grievance, of course, one writes to the *Times*—and doesn't get inserted; when one discovers a new planet, or a new poem by Milton, one naturally tells the *Times*. In fact, however much one grumbles at its dreariness, if there is the slightest chance of one's getting inserted, that is the paper one writes to. That is the paper one would like one's letter to appear in, if one had one's choice of all. It sounds best. "Seen my letter in the *Times*?" "Wrote to the *Times* the other day." One feels eminently respectable at once. But one doesn't discover a new planet, or a new poem by Milton, every day; one scarcely has a grievance every hour; and a little of official and national matters goes a long way. Consequently, as a daily newspaper, the *Times* is dreary. It has got no spirit. It gives one a painful consciousness that its "communications" are inserted, not because of their merit, but because of the men who "communicated" them. Of course, this is more or less the case with every paper; but, whereas with regard to other papers you do not notice it unless you think about it, the *Times* manages to thrust the fact upon your mind. No one but great men need apply. That every column cries. Even the "A, B, C's," and "X, Y, Z's," and "Vindex's," and "Pro Bono Publico's," strike one as being immortal gods in disguise—or, at any rate, eminently respectable mortals. One believes them to be that sort of people whose cards—if one could get those they so religiously "enclose"—one would put at the top of the card-dish on the drawing-room table. Very likely they're not, but the *Times* manages to make one think so. All we absolutely know about them is, that they are conspicuously dull composers. We, therefore, conclude that they are eminently respectable, and that their eminent respectability has procured them insertion. One is sure Lord Winchelsea's feeble—but not dull—criticisms of the new-found poem would not have appeared if they had been signed "Walker." One is positive that the extraordinary line announcing that "Lord Winchelsea's letter shall, if possible, appear to-morrow," would never have been seen with Walker's name at the beginning, in the place of Winchelsea's. Imagine the leading articles of the *Times* all being deferred a line, to make room for Walker! dreary, common-places, if you like, but still THE LEADING ARTICLES OF THE TIMES! O, those leading articles of the *Times*! Who writes them? What eminently respectable party is it that does these things? Hush!—a suggestion. There can't be too such twaddlers in the world. It is our private belief that the *Times* has made arrangements with the gentleman who does the *Guardian* leaders, for an unlimited supply of mental milk-and-water. Quantity is no confutation of our suggestion, as such stuff can easily be manufactured by the yard, or quart—to suit purchasers. It is a strange thing that the public should mistake dulness for respectability,—but it does. Smart writing is disreputable. A man has only to twaddle, and he is respectable. A journal has only to get the reputation of never abusing anybody or anything, and of never thwarting popular inclinations, and of never saying a strong thing—in a word, of sleeping at its post,—and it is at once regarded as a high-class standard paper. This is the way the *Times* takes in the public. It is as dull as over-worked Jack, therefore it is an institution. I turns with every breath of public opinion, like a weathercock. Compared with it, coquettes are constant; while, as for its honour—yes, Lady Teazle, we had better leave honour out of the question. At the price it pays for it, the *Times* is indeed welcome to its reputation. If it is the greatest paper in the world, it is the last one taken from the table where there lie lesser ones; and when one is thinking of newspapers, one does not think of it without an exertion of memory.

One does not trust the criticism of the *Times*. One takes as a rule—rightly or wrongly—the criticisms of other papers to be the spontaneous utterances of the critics. But when the *Times* applauds an unknown man, one wonders what's the meaning of it; one ponders, not upon the praise, but how it got in. Of its own accord, the *Times* would never mention the fellow. He, or his friends, have thought a *Times* puff would be invaluable, and have set about obtaining one. Some eminently respectable influence has been brought to bear, and this is the eminently respectable result.

There, that will do. The *Times* does not belong to this city, or to-day. It is chiefly read by the professions, and its readers belong to the last generation. Let it moider on.

A STRANGE PREACHER.

THE Rev. Peter Mackenzie is a character—an exceptional and notable character,—one of the few sensational preachers left in the Wesleyan Connexion. He is run after because there is stuff in him, and humour, which not unfrequently broadens into fun. He says quaint things, comic things, and ridiculous things, in a shape which is certainly his own. He never laughs, while provoking peals of laughter in others. He makes no pretensions to learning, yet quotes philosophers, historians, poets, and divines, of every period, with a facility that might be accepted as excellent evidence of scholarship, if he and Walker were not so frequently at variance in the pronunciation of words, and if he had not an exceptional method in the formation of sentences not recognised by Lindley Murray. He is certainly a genius—in the rough; a diamond that could do with a good deal of polishing and be none the better for the process. Like Richard Weaver he comes from the coal mine; talks "collier" in the pulpit, and is as much at home there as if hewing coal in the shaft. Like "Richard" he is made much of, is petted and solaced with overflowing congregations, and might, if he were weak enough, imagine himself a theologian, a light, a teacher, giving energy and impetus to Methodist life. The reason is not far to seek. Religious congregations want, and will have, amusement. The native missionary from Timbuctoo, in the easy and airy costume of that distinguished nation, is a greater attraction than the most eminent Doctor of Divinity upon the missionary platform. Peter in the pulpit supplies the deside-

ratum. His preaching, in fact, is as good as a play, without the accompanying naughtiness. Some of the accessories of the tabooed institution are seen upon the occasion of Peter's performances—there is the same eager demand for seats, the same expectancy of something coming, the same desire that all preliminaries should be at an end. Peter's prepared passages furnish the excitement of the stage tableaux, calling forth less audible, but equally warm commendation.

This "black diamond," as Peter is sometimes called, has been a travelling preacher nine years. His first twelvemonth was spent in Burnley, then two years in Monmouth, three years in Melksham, and three years in Gateshead, which term he has just concluded; his next appointment, according to Conference arrangements, will be Sunderland. It was through the persistent determination of the late President of the Wesleyan Conference, the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., that Peter became a Wesleyan minister. The obstacles in the way were: Peter's family, his want of education, and his apparently insurmountable roughness. His wife has not been able to surmount her original training. She was a collier's wife, and in her new sphere carries the likes and dislikes, the habits and expressions, of that condition with her. She is not altogether enamoured of the popularity of her husband, and in some sense supposes that it detracts from and dwarfs his attention to her. Upon one occasion, having followed Peter to the house of a gentleman, she was announced as "a woman who wants to see Mr. Mackenzie!"

When the Conference consented to receive Peter, it was upon the condition that Mr. Arthur found him a house and partially or entirely supported both him and his family while he was at the Didsbury College. For six months, Dr. Hannah and the other masters tried to polish "the gem," but all in vain. When he could not get on with the lessons he would frequently say, "Let us have a bit of prayer about it, Doctor;" and the theological class would be turned into a prayer meeting. For the second six months, institutional training having been found, so far as he was concerned, a failure, he was permitted to engage in any revival work or special services, until Conference came round, when he was appointed to a circuit. Peter was received into full connexion in the Bath district, of which the eminent Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Francis A. West, was the chairman, and before whom he preached his trial sermon at Weymouth. His text upon that occasion was, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of Heaven." His two divisions were: First, things worthy of imitation in children; Secondly, things common to children to be avoided. Thus, amongst the latter, Christians were not to imitate children in cramming all into the mouth that came to hand. As Peter suited the action to the word the risible faculties of Mr. West fairly gave way, and he indulged in an almost uncontrollable fit of laughter. When admonished to avoid these eccentricities, he answered that he always tried to do so, but somehow eighteen or twenty queer thoughts came into his head, of which he could never use more than a dozen. Mr. West, examining him upon the proofs of the Christian religion, wished to know how he would deal with him, supposing him to be a Jew and that he came to Mr. Mackenzie for instruction. Peter, not at all disturbed, commenced with, "Well, Mr. Jew," and so continued to address the chairman amid the convulsed laughter of the examining committee. Instruction and examination were found equally useless—both were ended as soon as possible, and "the gem" sent on his way rejoicing.

Earnestly and effectively has he served Methodism. No man is more in demand for special services, and no man travels more in the service of the connexion. His correspondence, which is very extensive, is laconic and to the point. When invited to preach at Oxford, he replied: "My dear Sir,—The desire of the righteous shall be granted. Yours truly, Peter Mackenzie." When in actual competition with the celebrities of the society, and even in the presence of cultivated audiences, he has not unfrequently taken the lead and become the hero of the hour. At the Leeds Conference he was appointed to speak at a public service—preceded by the Rev. Gervase Smith, and succeeded by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A.; but despite the well known abilities of both gentlemen, it was generally acknowledged that Peter carried off the palm. Like Mr. Punshon, he frequently lectures to large audiences in various parts of the kingdom. His favourite subjects are "the Bible," "Sampson," and "the Tongue;" the last of which furnishes him with an inexhaustible fund of wit and wisdom, and probably of some home reminiscences more acute than pleasant. It must not be supposed, however, that his repertory of sermons is confined to a few elaborated discourses, like the sermon he delivered the other evening in Oldham-street Chapel, on "the Pale Horse." Peter, to use a methodist phrase, wears well. He has his big sermons for great occasions, but wears out his three years in a circuit with much general acceptance. If report is to be credited, this "popular preacher" had more than one hundred invitations to circuits on his leaving Melksham. He is, as we have intimated, eminently dramatic. Speaking in a recent sermon, from the text, "The word of the Lord was precious in those days," he contrasted the condition of man without the Bible and under the influence and direction of the Koran. After showing that the Koran had failed to civilize the world, or to meet the condition of the heathen, he turned to the Bible, which he had placed on the seat behind him, and said—"Come along, good old word, we can never do without thee." Simple as this action was, it thrilled the vast audience. Upon another occasion, speaking of the dying thief, he said: "He took a first class ticket and went to heaven express; passing through stations and tunnels without stopping until he arrived in glory." "The hedge of Paradise," said he, "was so tall that the devil could not get over it, so thick that he could not shoot through it, and was so well secured at the bottom that the littlest dog in hell could not creep under." "Methodism was a cheap religion—only a penny a week and a shilling per quarter, with a few anniversaries as extras." He dealt with ritualism thus—"Some try to make an improvement upon the white horse by fitting it with worn-out tapestry." Commenting upon the desire of some Wesleyans to go over to the church, he said—"Methodism is going over to the church as fast as the hound goes after the hare, and the church is going to popery as fast as legs can carry it, and popery is going to the naughty place even faster." The action which he uses throughout his discourse is like nothing ever seen before, and yet there is a certain fitness in his gestures, wh[illegible]rmonises with his quaint thoughts and comic conceits. His spell is p[illegible]nt over a country congregation—the most successful mesmerist would fail to obtain the power which Peter attains over vast masses of people. His secret is absolute and confiding faith in the truth of his message—that God has bestowed upon him His salvation, and has sent him out into the world to offer that salvation to all men.

MY DEBUT AS A SPORTSMAN.

I HAPPENED, last October, to have a day or two at my disposal, and hastened, as is my wont, to put this huge swarmery at a distance of half a day's journey by train. I had received an invitation from a friend in the country, and accepted it gladly. The postscript to this "invite" conveyed a suggestion that if I would bring a gun, we might manage to get a shot or two at a stray rabbit, or bag a few water-hens. But I had not a gun, and it struck me that the furniture and adornments of my den were singularly incomplete without one. The antlers of a stag, the horns of a bison, a fox's head and brush, flanked by sporting pictures—all bargains—lent a wonderful tone to its walls. A single-stick helmet over two crossed single-sticks, with a pair of old boxing-gloves beneath them, relieved the blankness of a recess on one side of the fireplace; and a fencing-mask over a pair of crossed foils, with another pair of dressing-gloves below them, relieved the blankness of the recess on the other. Sundry old rusty swords and horse-pistols filled up vacant interstices; but now, as I remarked before, it struck me that the one thing I wanted was a gun. That very day I spent in hunting up the pawnbrokers' shops in Deansgate, and the brokers' shops about Shudehill, with poor success. Splendid pieces were shewn me, in cases, with all the accessories—dirt cheap at £15! Every shop possessed one invariable weapon of great show and polish at an invariable price of £3 15s. But that was too dear. At last, in a dirty broker's, in a back slum, I came across my sort. A seven-foot barrel, with a proportionately large stock—evidently of ancient date, but a sure killer, as the dirty, old-bearded shibilant broker informed me. "Ten shillingsh for it." "Seven-and-six." "Shay nine, now." And at this drop his small eyes gleamed, his nose arched higher, and a suave insinuating smile played on his lips. "No; seven-and-six;" and he consented, and I was the owner of a sure killer. It is needless to say the name of Manton was not inscribed on its barrel.

My piece attracted considerable attention at the stations, the junctions,

and the village which was my destination. My friend, however, to whom I shewed it, with no little triumph, rather dashed my glee, by a fit of ill-timed mirth, and a running fire of worse-timed jokes on my carbine *Blunder*buss, arquebus, Brown Bess's grandmother, and other such synonyms, as he invented for it. "Why," said I, "look what an aim you can take with it—it's sure to kill." "Yes, kill you, first time you fire it," he answered. I thereupon ruminated; I ruminated all the way as he drove me to his "reverend governor's," taking but little notice of the exquisite scenery that stretched away, varied and beautiful, till it rose into and blended with the distant hills. As soon as we had reached the parsonage, and welcomes and tea were over, we set to and cleaned the gun. Moreover, we accomplished the wonderful achievement of firing it. We tied it, carefully loaded, to the branches of a tree, and fastened a long string to the trigger. We then proceeded to a considerable distance; the family in a timid cluster at the drawing-room window, the maids peeping out at the back door, and the grinning gardener behind a hedge, awaited the momentous issue. It went off, and did *not* burst. We all rushed to the spot, and carried in our antique piece of artillery in triumph. Woe to the water-hens to-morrow, said I.

After breakfast next morning, I, in an old coat and leggings, with Spencer, my friend, similarly accoutred, sallied forth on our sportive way across the fields to a pit. We had a dog with us—a cross between a half-bred spaniel and a French poodle, with a strain of King Charles in him. As we approached the pit, off it darted, to our dismay, when Spencer shouted "Hurroo!" and clapped his hands. The intelligent animal, in an instant, was squatted upon his hind quarters, as he had been taught to do at the shout of "Hurroo" and the clapping of hands. It remained in this position, with a peculiarly comical and humorous grin about its mouth, while we slowly reconnoitred the pit. We found no birds visible; not a water-cock or hen was there to be seen, with its sly side-look round an overhanging stick or tree-root; nor would the dog be persuaded to go in to drive any out. So, after throwing stones and sods among the rushes and reeds to no purpose, we made off to a small lake near a mill, in the course of which small lake, or rather large pond, was an island thickly overgrown with brambles and bushes—a haunt of water-fowl from time immemorial. There was an old canvas-covered boat, which was used to convey a boy over to this island to beat about the bushes and stir up the birds. To its intended use we proceeded to put it. Just at this moment, up came a friend—who also had a gun—with intent to kill a water-hen or two. We took up positions. I opposite one end of the island, Spencer on the other side of the pond opposite the middle, and the new arrival at the other end in a field, to intercept the anticipated flight of the winged things to some high trees hard by. I was prepared to do the deed. My honour was involved in firing off that gun, even if it cost me my life. But two fine swans sailing to and fro right in the direction in which I must fire made me ruminate. It would never do to shoot at a coot, and bring down a swan. The birds of Venus sailed to and fro and held my gaze mesmerically. "Avaunt! foul birds of the day," I said, "or I must fire at you;" and such was my state of mind that I am sure I must have done so had I not been relieved from my perplexities and my fascination by the report of a gun and the fluttering fall of a bird into the water, while the flapping flight of several others was heard behind me. They had taken—(all but one, and that was only wounded and managed to escape)—a direction entirely unexpected, and they would never come back again that day. Resolved, therefore, that we proceed through the meadows up the brook, and look out for an improbable wild-duck or an impossible snipe. "Don't let on you can't shoot," whispered Spencer to me. Two or three miles tramping in wet meadows, over hedges and ditches, afforded us plenty of exercise, but brought no wild ducks, and as many snipe. To put a good face on the matter, I talked of the grouse disease and the cost of Lord Ancoat's pheasants a-piece. I held my gun like the others, congratulating myself on not having been called on to fire it, and devoutly hoping I might not be compelled to do so. Next it was agreed to try the partridges, and go up the hedge sides with the chance of starting a hare. "You must look out now for we shall be trespassing besides shooting without a license," said Spencer; "he has one"—pointing to the third of our party—"and needn't care." You may fancy my feelings. Trespassing, unlicensed, with a gun that if fired—and fired it must be if a hare or a covey were started—might burst and do inconceivable mischief. My position was certainly no enviable one. A mile off, a covey let in a field; we cautiously tried to steal up, but they had flown, and I had a sight of them in the distance as they winged their way into space. To my joy no hare was started, and I grew valorous as the prospect of starting none brightened. I lamented our want of luck, suggested all sorts of dodges, and longed for even a pheasant to perch on a gate in front of me. At last we parted from the other man and walked homeward. Spencer congratulated me on my sportsmanlike bearing and behaviour, and said I had wonderfully impressed his friend. He also avowed that he had been in an agony of apprehension lest I should kill the swans or shoot his dog, to which—as it was about to enter a wood—he again shouted, Hurroo! "Remarkably intelligent animal that," said I. "Yes, it's a funny dog. Every morning it sets off and runs exactly fifteen times and a quarter round the outer gravel walk of the garden. You can see a regular track it has worn away in the walk when we get home." But why does it go exactly fifteen and a quarter times round? Why, it's just about a mile I fancy. It walks in the other three-fourths of a circuit. It never misses a day without doing its constitutional mile." "Remarkable fact that," I answered.

Soon after this we had arrived at the corner of the garden-hedge and were proceeding leisurely along by it to the gate. "Now, look here," said Spencer, "you must fire that gun once before we go in." "I'll be shot if I do," I answered. "You be blowed! you must." "What's the use," said I, trembling, "it's only wasting powder and shot." "Never mind that. You must fire it once, you know—but I'll get out of the way." "Well, if you particularly wish it," I answered, and looked ronnd. The full round, red disc of the sun was burning just above the horizon. I set my feet together, bent my knees, and put my head forward, levelled my seven-foot duck-gun at the great setting orb, shut my eyes, and fired. ... ... I lay on the grass, semi-conscious. The reverend gentleman rushed out, and shouted, "Dear, dear, whatever's the matter?" "Oh, he's killed! he's killed!" shrieked the reverend lady. "Ooh!" exclaimed their fair daughter, threw up her arms, and went off incontinently. I rose unharmed, but terribly shaken about the nerves. That rogue, Spencer, had put a double charge in, and now was laughing as if *he* were going to burst. The sun rose next morning at the usual time and place. The duck-gun, as dusty as the boxing-gloves, and as rusty as the old swords, has never been removed from its place in my den, and never will be.

A PRINCE'S FATE.

We heard how when a madman,
On brutal murder bent,
Fired o'er the seas, and heaven
Foiled his accursed intent.

A mighty outraged people
Sprang up with maddened bound,
And hung as high as Haman
The execrated hound!

And when our prince, returning,
Had found his mother's breast,
With thankful hearts we gladly
Would there have let him rest:

But Bumbledonia, wakeful,
Resolved 'twould never do
To miss a chance of gaining
Fresh glory for her crew.

And all its congregations,
Their wisdom "to evince,"
Resolved to send their cyphers
To bore the wounded prince.

So swarming into sunshine,
They came, the plaguey motes,
From Holyhead to Yarmouth,
Land's End to John o' Groats,

For ever and for ever,
Till frantic Alfred cried,—
"Rash weakness! why were not all
These dreary bores denied?

"This horrid endless torture
Makes worse than death my lot,—
If ever I am tried so
Again, may I be shot!"

ON A SOILED GLOVE.

I.

A story full of pangs and blisses,
Humid eyes and burning kisses,
Impassioned words and timid glances,
Chocolate creams between the dances,
Ices, anguish, coffee, and love
Torn and stained on a tiny glove.

II.

In between those two first fingers
A tiny little squeeze still lingers,
A squeeze which made the mouth to twitch,
And straightway burst a great big stitch,
Which tear in the next "lady's chain"
By squeezing grew as large again.

III.

That coffee stain upon the palm
Tells its own tale of sweet alarm;
While wrapt in mutual looks and sighs,
Their souls conversing through their eyes,
Some youthful waiter, wretched lad,
Asked if they'd paid for what they'd had.

IV.

Those black marks at the finger tips
Bespeak the moisture of her lips;
Casting sweet unconscious glances,
She fears she won't dance all the dances,
And this terrific thought bewails
By biting at her finger nails.

V.

Lobster salad and life-long love
Are written on the tiny glove
Which, passing through the corridor,
She archly threw upon the floor,
As ancient swells did challenge foes
When from hot words they came to blows.

VI.

I snatched the glove from where it lay,
Accepting thus her challenge gay,
And though we didn't fight with lances,
We pierced each other through with glances,
'Till, ere the time arrived to part,
She'd pierced me to the very heart.

CARLYLE AND BURNS.—It is a curious thing about the Scotch, that, deep plunged as they are in the most terrible religious cant ever known in this world, and systematically addicted as they are to a couple of vices which they hypocritically profess to hold in abhorrence, yet they have the double knack, first, of producing men with the most wonderful gift of clear and manly vision, and next, of knowing such men when they see them. Scotland can raise prigs who would carry off the prize from the tallest specimens of that class that we could raise in England. But, let it be said, she can excel in the production of men too. Perhaps the manliest soul in the eighteenth century was Burns. Perhaps even those who differ from him most vehemently as to this or that specific conclusion in the politics of the hour, will yet agree that high among the manliest and most straight-seeing of all living writers is Mr. Carlyle. Here are notable instances in which the great canting nation of the earth has produced two men in a couple of generations with a more profound and absolute absence of cant in their minds, in any of its subtle and unconscious forms, than any of the most eminent of their contemporaries. They are both of them radically free from the cardinal vice of a love of preaching, in the true and offensive sense of preaching—which, saving whisky, is the characteristic passion of their country.—*Saturday Review.*

AN AMERICAN'S IMPRESSION OF OXFORD.

HALF-WAY from London to Birmingham, sixty-two miles from each, is Oxford, a place better worth seeing than Niagara: a place the best worth seeing of any in England, except (if there must be an exception) the metropolis. It is at the prettiest point of the Thames valley, if the broad expanse of country can be called a valley, at the junction of Father Thames with the classic Isis, and another less famous stream the Cherwell. These rivers flow around and through the town, with water enough for boating and bathing, giving a cheering variety to the scenery. Oxford is a town of some 30,000 inhabitants, but most of the houses are two or three hundred years old, quaint enough, but neither pretty nor convenient, and there is a surprising lack of spacious and elegant residences. But the whole town seems but an adjunct to the University. The University is Oxford. Take that away, that and its belongings, and you would have left only a shabby old country village. The University covers, I believe, more than a square mile of colleges, all built nearly upon the same pattern—one, two, or three great hollow squares of massive buildings, including chapel, dining-hall, chambers, recitation halls, &c. It is a city of colleges, with stately churches, great libraries, museums, all the magnificent appendages of the grandest university in the world. There is nothing in America with which I can compare it. Were every college in the United States gathered into one group, it would not be much by the side of Oxford. Oxford is very learned, but it does not know how old it is. It can't remember. It is all clear enough as far back as ALFRED the Great. He lived at Oxford, a student king, and some say he founded the University; others that he only restored it after the destructive incursions of the Danes. However that may be, if you care for English antiquities, go to Oxford.

Oxford is in the midst of the long vacation. The students are gone—fishing, shooting, carousing, climbing the Alps. The fellows are gone to the seaside. The Dons are gone wherever they please, for a change. The halls are empty—so much the better for the tourist, who needs only a pocket full of sixpences to have access to every place of interest. There is a guide at every corner lying in wait for strangers, and offering to show him all the colleges. There is a good natured, greasy-looking fellow, full of beer and gin; there is a shabby, twangy fellow, who offers to show you all Oxford for a sixpence; there is the stiffly got-up, white-cravated guide, who trades on his respectability. A cheap guide book with a plan on the cover, and the English "open sesame" of sixpence, will do as well, and when you come to something sublime, or beautiful, or specially interesting, the cicerone is apt to be a nuisance. I prefer to find my own way, and have the pleasure of exploration. So I went first of all to that most beautiful of all the colleges of Oxford, St. Mary Magdalen's, founded in 1456. Here is a carefully preserved monastic college in all its antique beauty, with its solemn cloisters, its spacious, nicely-kept gardens, its fine old trees, and its magnificent church and tower. I do not mean to describe what no words can give any idea of—the quaint, impressive beauty of this place. The founders built into it their characters, their faith, and the whole place is full of a subtle and powerful magnetism—a pervading presence which cannot but influence every impressible person. The new college, not far from St. Mary Magdalen's, is still older. Think of a *new* college, which still bears that name, founded in 1386, nearly five hundred years ago, more than a century before COLUMBUS found America! It was founded by one of the most able, generous, and if his portrait is not flattered, most beautiful of men who ever lived in England, WILLIAM, of Wykeham, a learned scholar, a devout bishop, and a great architect; for he not only founded this college, but planned and built it, and here is his work, much of it as he left it five hundred years ago. The chapel is a beautiful specimen of fourteenth century perpendicular Gothic. Of course the iconoclasts, of the reforming, or so far as architecture is concerned, deforming periods of English history, broke out most of the painted glass in the beautiful windows, which has been renewed from designs of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS—very beautiful, but a little out of place with what remains of that done five centuries ago. They also smashed the old sculptured altar-piece, and what is left stuck in the cloister wall looks as if it had left the hammer of Thor, or some other equally energetic heathen. It has been replaced with some tame and pretty alto relievos, by WESTMACOTT. But after all the feeble modern patching, the chapel remains a glorious monument of the ages when men built in earnest, when they had great souls, and put their souls into their work. "Bad old times" they may have been, but nobody can say these are bad old windows. There is more grandeur and beauty in one of these old colleges, founded and built four or five hundred years ago, than in great cities which have sprung up within the last century. The young man who was hard after my sixpence unlocked a curiously slender closet on the gospel side of where the high altar used to be, and disclosed a beautiful piece of medieval work in gold, silver, and enamel, the veritable crozier of the noble Bishop WILLIAM of Wykeham. It is a relic the college may well prize. Then a clergyman who was proudly showing some ladies his *Alma Mater* sent across the quadrangle to politely offer to show me the refectory, a lofty and noble room, with a new oak roof, patterned after the old one, a massive and beautiful work. On the walls hang portraits of the founder, and the most celebrated men educated here, and if place and association have any influence, young men should be ennobled by eating their dinners in such a room.

And then, quite alone, I walked around the spacious gardens of the college. They are bounded by the ancient city wall, with its towers at convenient distances, each with its compliment of recesses for sharpshooters, and narrow perpendicular slits for arrow shots. All this wall is in perfect preservation, and all around are old trees, some of the finest I have seen in England; older than the college I judge, for the horse chesnuts and elms must be 15 to 18 feet in circumference, and the church of St. Peter's, close by, was built in 1150. To walk the whole circuit of these gardens of many acres along this ancient wall, and under these veritable trees, is something to remember a life time. It carries a man back five hundred years, from which point he sees the present under a somewhat modified aspect. Progress there has been in the meantime, for from this antique solitude I can hear the roar of an express train; through the narrow embrasure I can see the wires of the electric telegraph, and an Armstrong gun would batter it all down in an hour; but I see no men in England, and I fear there are no Bishops, who are five centuries in advance of WILLIAM of Wykeham.

Christ Church owes to Cardinal WOLSEY the finest dining hall in Europe. It may seem a desecration to use so magnificent a room to eat and drink in; but if people take in their political and other principles with their mother's milk, why not their college beer? It is a glorious hall, 113 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 50 feet high. The roof is of carved oak, with elegant pendants decorated with the armorial bearings of the great Cardinal and his royal master, One of the bay windows is ornamented with tracery indescribably beautiful; and it is probable that the Cardinal intended that the whole roof should be in the same style. This work is about 350 years old. On the walls are 120 portraits of the founders, patrons, and scholars of this noble college; HENRY VIII., Cardinal WOLSEY and QUEEN ELIZABETH, pre-

siding at the head of the room; then nobles, bishops, judges, statesmen, soldiers, philosophers; in truth a noble company.

I despair of giving my readers any proper idea of Oxford. It must be seen and felt. These massive walls and towers, from five to eleven hundred years old, are not merely quaint, antique, picturesque, beautiful, rich in old sculptures, and embodying the thought and feelings of their times, but they make a strange impression. You feel the life of the cloister; the chapel and libraries take a subtle hold of you. The grotesque gothic imps seize upon you; you absorb the spirit of antiquity, and live, so to speak, in the lives or spheres of the vast multitude of holy and learned men who have instituted this religious and intellectual capital. For my part, I have a pride of ancestry in this country, and a hearty happiness in everything I see in it that is grand and beautiful. I travel through this fertile garden land, with its perennial verdure and abounding harvests, its trim hedges and its glorious trees, with a perpetual delight. It may be, as the *Spectator* says, the dullest, the most expensive, and the most annoying country in the world for Englishmen to travel in, with everything locked up that is worth seeing, and each part a repetition of the other; but to the American of English descent, who cares for the glories of his father land, and the mighty race from which he has descended, England is the one country of Europe most worthy of a thoughtful examination. If I see a church or castle more than two centuries old, some ancestor of mine may heve aided to build it; if an ancient tree, some hand in which my blood flowed may have planted it; and I peer among the mossy old churchyard stones to see if my name is not there chiseled.

Had I consulted my own inclinations I would have stayed a long time at Oxford. It is a place for a studious man to spend his life in. What could a scholar want beyond a cloister in St. Mary Magdalen's, two hundred a year, and the run of the Bodleian Library? But I had started for a very different place, and so after a very interesting twenty-four hours I tore myself away, and was soon flying through the green meadows and golden harvests of what should be merry England.

A BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

SOME years ago, when I was a single man, and dreaming (as most single men do) of double bliss, some day destined to arrive, I went to a concert in the town of ———. The place was crowded to excess, and the crush, on leaving, to reach the flys and carriages, was very great. I wore on that memorable night a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was most struck with was a fine girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat and brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and I worked myself in the course of the evening up into a towering passion—of *love*. But how was I to come at the object of my admiration? for I was as diffident as devoted—"as shy as I was vain," an over candid friend once said. "God save the Queen," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as on my first glance to "improve the occasion," and the company were shoaling out while I still stood mutely gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose for ever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but, alas, the lights in the outer corridor were so few and far between, that "no glimpse of my star could I get." I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party had emerged. "Hang it!" I muttered, impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched on to some lady's dress, my progress was suddenly arrested. "How provoking," thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashions: a lady now has as many loops, as many tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task the more difficult, and, instead of undoing, I only bungled, and more and more twisted the loop round the button.

"Please, let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business: she ungloved her hand —I looked at her face. Stars and garters! but it was the very fair one I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight flush tinted her cheek. I hoped she never would undo the loop: and, indeed, she would not, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly. I tried to help her; our fingers met———

"Please to make way there," shouted some gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so unlucky an entanglement?

"You hinder the people from going out, Amie," exclaimed one of her companions with some asperity: "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it!" and, suiting the action to the word, the speaker leant forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in the one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug severed us. The crowd behind bore on, and we were separated.

I returned to the hotel, and it was with no small delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye; a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted round the shank. I stooped to disentangle it from the bit of brass as gently as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in the skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out? a gold chain bracelet! You could have "brained me with a lady's fan." In the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which not unnaturally fell into the pocket of the coat skirt with which she was engaged, and, doubtless, on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress, to rob her of her jewellery. Here was an anti-heroic position to find oneself in; when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pickpockets! Was ever honest lover in such a plight? and, to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to my grave, remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible; but a bright idea struck me, as my eye lighted on a newspaper, lying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter when the local paper was published. "To-morrow, Sir," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement; it was in the following words—

IF the Lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the Concert last Wednesday, will call at or send to the Arch's Head Hotel, she will hear of something to her advantage.

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the waiter, and five shillings to pay for its insertion in the ——*Sentinel*,—there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchanter is, the fates must indeed be very unpropitious. My plans being thus so far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently, or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up to my room damp from the press, and then I read, in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement. But my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed, in the very same column:—

TWO POUNDS REWARD.

LOST, or Stolen, on the night of the Concert at the Town Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the Hall. Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the Bracelet, or the capture of the thief (if it was stolen), will have the above reward on applying to 7, Cambridge Parade.

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello's, that of "loving, not wisely, but too well." My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went upstairs; put on the very identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and, taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to 7, Cambridge Parade. I knocked at the door, and asked the servant, who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it, I said, "Is Miss A. in?" "Yes, Sir," replied the servant woman; "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat, with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here, and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered the message. Soon there came out, not my fair one, but a stalwart brother. "That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss A's property, and though, as you perceive, I wear a blue coat, with brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candour to say, I am not a pickpocket."

"Then, Sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and pointed to my advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not intend to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," he said, "you had best walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvas the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may be sure I accepted his invitation. Need I go further with my story? The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket herself, and received the reward, such reward being the said pickpocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and glazed over the fireplace, the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife, as "a pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address." When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has just this moment done, pay damages for the slander, declaring that, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 148, Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, or by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to the manager, MR. JOSEPH JOHNSON, 148, Deansgate, or 37, Corporation Street, Manchester.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, ETC.

BODEGA.

SPANISH WINE CELLARS,

(Under the New Stock Exchange,)

NEWMARKET STREET, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER.

LARGE DOCK SAMPLE GLASSES

of thirty different SHERRIES (shipped direct from the first houses) may be tested from the original package, at WHOLESALE PRICES, *i.e.*, same as by the bottle, dozen, and quarter cask.

ROEDERERS, CLICQUOTS, MOETS, PERRIER JOUETS, GIESLERS, AND EVERY NOTED CHAMPAGNE, CHARGED PER SAMPLE BOTTLE AS PER BOTTLE.

JOHN DEAN, Manager.

THE TREVELYAN TEMPERANCE HOTEL, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER,

Is distinguished for possessing the quiet and comfort of home, with the convenience and facilities of a First-class Hotel.

THE TREVELYAN RESTAURANT.
Dinners from 12 to 3.
Leading Features—Good Articles, Good Cooking, and Cleanliness.

THE TREVELYAN TABLE DE HOTE.
1-30 p.m., Ladies and Gentlemen.

THE TREVELYAN SMOKE ROOM.
Well Ventilated—Good Coffee and Cigars.

THE TREVELYAN BILLIARD ROOM.
No Gambling or Betting Allowed.

The Trevelyan Hotel in all its appointments is second to no other hotel in Manchester.

JAMES COWEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT, 99 & 101, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER.

LUNCHEON, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS.
First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
Exclusively for Gentlemen after 7 p.m.

The Original Wholesale Manufacturer of FRENCH and NEAPOLITAINE ICES, supplied to the principal Hotels, Confectioners, and Restaurants in Manchester.

N.B.—Public and Private Picnic Parties, Soirees, Balls, &c., supplied at a few hours' notice.

J. CAVARGNA, PROPRIETOR.

THOMAS'S CHOP & SANDWICH ROOMS.
ST. ANN'S PASSAGE,
ENTRANCE FROM
KING STREET, CROSS STREET,
AND ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

THOMAS STUDD, PROPRIETOR.

THIRTEEN YEARS WITH MR. BROWN.

PHILIP BARKER,
INSURANCE BROKER,
63, KING STREET.

LIFE GUARANTEE OF FIDELITY, & ACCIDENTAL ASSURANCE POLICIES, negotiated at the Lowest Rates with the Largest and Best Offices.

Prospectuses, &c., gratis, on application.

PITY the sorrows of a left-off suit,
In exile doomed its lays to linger out;
Once I was new and handsome, I suppose,
Or by my patron I had not been chose.
But now that I am old and threadbare grown,
I, as you see, by him aside am thrown.
Well, be it so! one thing full well I know,
To him most certainly I nothing owe,
And if I to another must give place,
To me it really can be no disgrace,
I've served him well he cannot but admit,
And so with honour can his service quit,
Feeling that I from him may fairly claim
This much that I have earned a honest name,
And done full credit to "the People's Mart,"
Where I was bought as something good and smart.

NETTLETON,
"THE PEOPLE'S TAILOR,"
NUMBER ONE, NEW CROSS, (Top of Oldham-street)
AND
102, GT. ANCOATS STREET, MANCHESTER.

JOHN CAVANAH,
HATTER, BOOTMAKER, & OUTFITTER,
"NUMBER ELEVEN," OXFORD STREET, (ST. PETER'S)
Agent for
LINCOLN & BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS.

Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Summer Overcoats, &c. in great variety.

NEW INVENTION FOR RAPID WRITING.
Combined movement by the forearm and fingers. Dashing Style. Private Rooms.
SMART & CO., Academy, 5 and 7, St. Mary's Gate.

THE ENGLISH ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Chief Offices, Palmerston Buildings, London.
MANCHESTER OFFICES:
BRIDGEWATER CLUB CHAMBERS, KING STREET.
LOCAL DIRECTORS:
ROBERT NEILL, Esq., Mayor of Manchester.
John King, Esq. (Alderman), Cotton Spinner, Chepstow Street Mills, Manchester.
Joseph Simpson, Esq. (Messrs. Simpson, Thompson & Co.), Crumpsall Mills, and Fountain Street, Manchester.
BANKERS—Consolidated Bank, Limited.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Rates of Premium and Conditions.—The rates will be found fully as moderate as those charged by other first-class companies. The English is not bound by the restrictions of the combined offices.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
WM. WHITTENBURY, Resident Secretary, Manchester.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

WM. SUMMERSCALES & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT WASHING,
WRINGING AND MANGLING MACHINES,
33, CORPORATION STREET,
Manchester.

REPRESENTED BY MR. J. WHITFIELD.

The largely increasing demand for the machines of this firm, sufficiently proves that they recommend themselves. Monthly sale upwards of 1,200, and gradually increasing.
Particular attention called to their Dash Wheel Machines of all sizes. These Machines obtained the Prize Medal from the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1862. Such is their efficiency that they meet with unqualified praise wherever sent. Servants get through their washing in half the time formerly occupied, besides a very great saving in soap, fuel and labour.

Important to Brewers and Bakers.

WOOD & BAILEY'S THERMOMETERS
without Glass Tube or Mercury.
Brewers and Bakers are invited to send for particulars which will be supplied post free,

J. BAILEY & CO.,
ALBION WORKS, SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

THE PUBLIC MAY ALWAYS DEPEND UPON GETTING GOOD TEA AT MODERATE PRICES AT THE
TEA ESTABLISHMENT,
53, PICCADILLY, which is opposite the end of PORTLAND STREET; or at the one
147, OLDHAM STREET,
which is the corner of SWAN STREET, Manchester.

WILLIAM SATTERTHWAITE,
TEA MERCHANT, PROPRIETOR.

THE PUREST MANUFACTURED COCOA IS "SATTERTHWAITE'S GENUINE TRINDAD."

MATHER'S
ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM,
EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES,
Removes Scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of Pomades) to the Hair, and prevents Baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each. Twelve bottles sent, carriage paid, on receipt of 12s. in stamps.

WILLIAM MATHER,
14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.

ESTABLISHED 1830.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 5s. 6d.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 7s.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 10s. 6d.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, at 16s.

PURE WATER.—FILTERS, from 5s. 6d. to £5 5s.

SLATE CISTERNS, with or without Filters, as exhibited at the Great Exhibition, Hyde Park, 1851, class 5, and also at the Great International Exhibition, 1862, class 10. Estimates on application.

SLACK & BROWNLOW.
VICTORIA-STREET,
Works: Upper Medlock-street, Hulme,
MANCHESTER.

G. GRADWELL'S
ANGLERS', CRICKETERS', CROQUET, ARCHERY, TOY, AND CUTLERY DEPOT.
39, CORPORATION STREET.

JOSEPH TAYLOR & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
ACCOUNTANTS, VALUERS, ESTATE AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENTS,
17, CROSS STREET, MANCHESTER,
AND CENTRAL BUILDINGS, DEWSBURY.

FURNITURE REMOVED IN LARGE COVERED VANS,
Or STORED in First-class Rooms, at Fixed Charges.
Particulars and testimonials forwarded on application
30 and 32, Bath Street, Hulme,
JOSEPH BOOTH, Owner and Proprietor.

MRS. CHARLESWORTH,
CHOP AND STEAK HOUSE,
35, CANNON STREET.

RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
36, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

Husband, Hat Manufacturer, INVITES ATTENTION TO THE NEW INVENTION FOR WHICH HE HAS TAKEN OUT A PATENT BEARING DATE 9th JUNE 1868.

ALEXANDRA. THE MANCHESTER MUSIC HALL, PETER STREET. A 1 ENTERTAINMENT. EVERY EVENING, 7-30. Admission. 6d. and 1s.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

TOURISTS' TICKETS BY ORDINARY TRAINS.

On and after June 1st, 1868, RETURN TICKETS by Ordinary Trains, "First and Second Class," available for One Calendar Month, will be issued from all the principa stations upon this Company's Railway to

FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT.

THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS, available by Third Class Trains for fourteen days, are also issued to

SOUTHPORT,

BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, and FLEETWOOD.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

By way of Liverpool, and thence by the Isle of Man Company's Steamers, which will leave the Prince's Pier-head, daily, on and after June 1, to September 30, at one p.m.; returning from Douglas at or after 9 a.m. daily (Sundays excepted). These Tickets do not include conveyance between the Exchange Station, Liverpool, and the Steamer.

SCARBOROUGH,

Harrogate, Ilkley, for Ben Rhydding, Whitby, Bridlington, Filey, Redcar, Hornsea, Withernsea, Saltburn, Seaton, and Tynemouth.

CUMBERLAND,

Windermere, Furness Abbey, Grange, Ulverstone, Coniston Lake, Keswick, Penrith, or Troutbeck for Ullswater, Lancaster, or Morecambe, *via* Hest Bank.

SCOTLAND,

Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dumfries, Beattock, Ayr, Melrose, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dunkeld, Arbroath, Aberdeen, Keith, Elgin, Inverness.

DUBLIN.

To NORTH WALES, including Rhyl, Abergele, Conway, Bangor, Carnarvon, Vale of Clwyd, Ruthin, Llanrwst, Llandudno, Holyhead, &c.

NORTH OF IRELAND,

Portrush (for Giant's Causeway), Lake Erne, Londonderry, and the North of Ireland and Belfast, *via* Fleetwood, the only direct route.

PIC-NIC and PLEASURE PARTIES at one Single Fare for the Double Journey.

Holders of Tickets for the above travel by Ordinary Trains.

For further information respecting fares and times of Trains starting, see this Company's Tourist Programme. Time books and bills at all the booking offices on the line.

BY ORDER.

Superintendent's Office,
Victoria Station, Manchester, May, 1868.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

CHEAP SUMMER EXCURSIONS (DAILY) TO LITTLEBOROUGH, for HOLLINGWORTH,

From Manchester, Stalybridge, Ashton, Bolton, Bury, Middleton, &c.

FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY:—
First Class 2s. 6d.; Second Class 1s. 9d.; Third Class 1s. 3d.

A SPECIAL TRAIN also leaves the Victoria Station, Manchester, on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, at 2.45 p.m., for LITTLEBOROUGH.

To WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHATBURN, EVERY SATURDAY, from Manchester, at 1.50 p.m.

FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY:—
First Class 4s. ..... Third Class 2s. 6d.

For further particulars see handbills.

BY ORDER.

Superintendent's Office,
Victoria Station, Manchester, July 16, 1868.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART AT LEEDS.

For the accommodation of parties wishing to visit the above, the public are respectfully informed that First, Second, and Third Class Tickets will be issued to Leeds, from all Stations on this Company's Line, at ONE FARE for the Double Journey, to parties of not less than Six First Class, or Ten Second Class or Third Class passengers.

The Tickets will be available for Return the SAME DAY ONLY, and parties can only proceed and return by that class of carriage for which they have taken tickets.

Where the distance exceeds fifty miles, the Tickets are available for Return the following day.

To obtain these Tickets, application must be made by letter, not later than three days before the excursion, addressed to the Superintendent of the district, stating the following particulars, viz.:—For which class of carriage; the date of the proposed excursion; and the probable number of the party.

BY ORDER.

Manchester, August 1, 1868.

AS A CHANGE

from CLARET we would draw attention to our

DINNER BEAUJOLAIS

AT 16S. PER DOZEN.

Like most of the Wines of BURGUNDY, it possesses more body and smoothness than CLARET; and without desiring to depreciate one wine in favour of another, we believe there are those who may use this wine with advantage, and all may have the pleasure of a wholesome and agreeable change.

JAMES SMITH AND COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS,

26, MARKET-STREET,

MANCHESTER.

AND

11, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

17 AU 68

J. S. MOSS & SON,

ECONOMICAL TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

23, MARKET STREET,

(CORNER OF CORPORATION STREET),

MANCHESTER.

FOR TOURISTS. £3. 3s. SUIT. 150 Patterns to select from, including all the new Abyssinian, Prince of Wales, and other favourite mixtures. THE NEGLIGE is the shape introduced by us this season, and is undoubtedly the most useful and best adapted yet introduced

FOR THE SEA-SIDE. £3. 3s. SUIT. 150 Patterns to select from. A splendid range of colourings have been prepared for this article. THE MATERIALS include many Novelties in manufacture; all are warranted fast colours and thoroughly shrunk.

FOR BUSINESS. £3. 3s. SUIT. An immense assortment of neutral colours, in soft, elastic, cool, and durable materials, and will be found in this department for these suits. THE IMPROVED DEIN SUIT is the style which will be worn this year, and is the one best adapted for business wear.

THE DUST COAT, ONE GUINEA, is warranted waterproof, faced with silk serge, and highly recommended to Tourists. ONE GUINEA AND A HALF is made from West of England twilled Melton waterproof, with silk facings.

TO CRICKETERS. Very best Welsh, Scotch, or Rochdale Flannel TROUSERS, with coloured cord, 16s. 6d. Ditto ditto ditto Flannel JACKETS, Single Breast, 21s.; Double, 25s.; Negligé Shape (new), 26s. 6d. STOCKINETTE, a new Material for Cricketers' Clothing, has been introduced by us: it is very elastic and serviceable. N.B.—All the above materials and trimmings of the garments are well washed in hot water previous to their being made up.

16S. 6D. ALL WOOL TROUSERS, Over 200 Patterns to select from, including all the Novelties in West of England, Scotch, and other Tweeds and Doeskins. They are warranted thoroughly shrunk, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

£1. 1s. LOUNGE COAT, made from West of England Tweed, well adapted for the present season, for Business, the Office, House, Garden, or Seaside. Ready made or made to measure, in all the fashionable colours and manufactures.

£2. 10s. COAT AND VEST, Black or Indigo Blue West of England Superfine Cloth, bound with Broad Silk Military Braid, and lined with Italian Cloth. £2. 15s. COAT and VEST, Black or Blue West of England Cloth. Frock Coat and Vest and Italian Cloth Linings. £1. 1s. BLACK DOE TROUSERS. First-class Black Doeskin Trousers, very serviceable.

CLERICAL TAILORS. Naval, Military, and Diplomatic Outfits. LIVERIES. Hunting Coats, Riding Trousers, Breeches Makers. HABITS, &c. Ladies' Waterproof Cloaks, Wrappers, Yachting Jackets. Estimates for the Equipment of Volunteer Regiments. DRESSING GOWNS.

J. S. MOSS & SON,

ECONOMICAL TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

23, MARKET STREET

(CORNER OF CORPORATION STREET),

MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER.—Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of 141 and 143, Deansgate, in the parish of Manchester, and of Blanche Villa, Edge Lane, in the parish of Stretford. Saturday, August 8, 1868.

GARDEN HOSE, With Taps, Roses, Jets, Spreaders, and Union Joints. 11, Corporation-street, Manchester. H. STATHAM & CO.,